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THE STORY OF LON-FOO.

CHAPTER I.

IN those days Nanking was still the capital of China. The dynasty of the Mings flourished and the Emperor Hoai-Tsong reigned.

The city, which measured seven leagues around, was inclosed by formidable ramparts so wide that it was always dark as night under the triple arches of the portals which gave entrance at certain distances. These gates were surmounted by strongholds and high towers, the up-tilted roofs of which disappeared beneath the fluttering of many-colored bandrols and flags. On the walls marched sentinels, and near the entrances soldiers armed with lances questioned all who arrived.

In the interior of the city were hills, lakes, rivers; streets wide and straight, bordered by superb palaces and crossed here and there by triumphal gates with roofs upturned and carved. The high tower of Li-cow-li, the marvel of marvels, was built two thousand seven hundred years ago by order of the King A-Yow, and had at first but three stories. Twelve hundred years after its foundation the Emperor Kien-Owan repaired it and had the relics of the god Fo sealed in the walls. The Mongols burnt it a thousand years after, but Yong-Lo rebuilt it, dedicated it to the Empress-mother and called it the tower of the *Renaissance*—LI-COW-LI. It rose very high, having nine superposed galleries. Its walls, veneered with yellow, red, and white porcelain, shone like the wings of a pheasant; the nine project-

ing roofs, covered with green tiles, looked like emeralds, and the wind made charming music in agitating the thousand little bells suspended from each story. On the different platforms appeared the grand statues of the gods and genii, and on the summit a sphere of gold shone like the sun.

At that epoch peaceful habitations with very large roofs of cedar-wood surrounded the tower. They were shaded and screened by pleasant gardens with bamboo fences and trellised gates closing only by a latch. Near each gate, on stone pillars, were seated two chimerical dogs or two dragons in bronze or worm-eaten wood.

One evening, in the fourth year of the reign of the Emperor Hoai-Tsong, a little before sunset, a young man raised the latch of a gate and came out of one of the gardens. He was well made and handsome, and was dressed in a robe of black satin embroidered with gold and drawn in at the waist by a silken belt of blue; his cap was also blue.

The summit of the tower glowed with the light of the sinking sun; all was quiet but for the chirping of the birds. The young man stopped before another garden and tried to see in across the branches. But in vain—the foliage made too thick a screen. Then he struck his hands together, softly at first, then louder.

At this signal the hedge parted and the pretty head of a young girl appeared.

"Is it you, Li-Tso-Pe?" she asked, timidly.

"Lon-Foo," he replied, hurriedly, "go to the tomb of your ancestors, and I will join you. Take the street of the Iron Lions. I will go by another way."

"I will start this very minute," said Lon-Foo, alarmed by the sadness of her lover's face.

Li-Tso-Pe walked off rapidly and reached the cemetery long before Lon-Foo appeared. He sat down on a tomb and waited at the feet of a stone horseman. All around upon the tombs were similar cavaliers. The four feet of the steeds were fastened in the ground and half hidden by the high grass. The warriors were represented in their war dress, brandishing their lances. There were also large avenues bordered with stone dromedaries, elephants or lions facing each other. All these statues stood out darkly against the pink and blue sky, and great oblique shadows stretched over the ground.

Soon the slight and graceful girl came gliding across the forest of myrtles, past the stone animals, up to the tomb where Li-Tso-Pe was waiting and sat down beside him.

"Here I am," she said; "my heart is anxious, for your face is sad."

"Lon-Foo," said Li-Tso-Pe, "my parents wish me to marry the daughter of a great magistrate."

"Is it possible?" cried Lon-Foo, turning as pale as the tombstone.

"I do not wish to conform to the usage which permits me to take several wives," continued Li-Tso-Pe. "I cannot divide my heart, it is entirely yours. But how am I to resist my parents?"

"Let us die together here on this tomb," suggested Lon-Foo, impulsively.

"No, child," replied Li-Tso-Pe; "we are too young to die, and who knows what death may bring? I have thought of a plan: I shall leave this city to-night and go far away, and I shall not return until the bride they offer me has chosen another husband."

Lon-Foo made no answer; she leaned

her head against her lover's shoulder and wept silently.

"Alas!" said Li-Tso-Pe, "this separation is a great misfortune, but it saves us from a worse. We must be strong. I must leave you, dear one," he added, leaning his forehead in his hand. "My one joy has been our moments of meeting, and now we shall never meet. Each day will be a year of sorrow."

Lon-Foo only cried the more.

"Do you remember our first meeting?" resumed the young man. "You were standing on a bench near the palisade of your garden to reach a branch of hydrangea in flower. It was autumn, and my steps made no sound on the dead leaves. When you turned I was very near and you could not get down before I saw you. I went away troubled by a feeling that I could not understand, but which possessed me for the rest of the day."

"I know," said Lon-Foo. "I saw you, too, and dreamed of you all night long. The next day I returned. I saw the bench and below it the branch of hydrangea that you had dropped on seeing me. I passed my arm through the fence to get the flowers, but could not reach them, so I sprang over the barrier and into the garden. Just then I heard a little cry and I hurried away. When I passed on the third day you were in the middle of the path. We exchanged a look, a smile, and you hid behind the branches."

"Life began that day, and ends to-night," sighed Lon-Foo.

"Since then we have seen each other every day without caring for snow or sun; we have talked and clasped hands across the bamboo barriers. It is autumn now, and leaves are falling; we have loved each other dearly for one year."

"Let me die on your heart; for I cannot bear your absence. What shall I do to-morrow? and the next days? Every leaf of my garden will recall the past; every stake of the palisade will be a dagger through my heart!"

"Would you rather see me the husband of another, Lon-Foo? Can you not see that I suffer? I leave you because I wish to keep myself faithful to you. A little while of sorrow, then happiness forever."

"You may never come back!" sobbed Lon-Foo. "And I may not be here if you do!"

"Then I shall not go," said Li-Tso-Pe, vanquished by her tears. "Speak, my beloved. I will stay if you decide it so."

"No, no! you must go," said Lon-Foo; "the day of your marriage would be the day of my death. Go. I will force myself to bear it, and whatever happens I swear to you here, by the manes of my father, that nothing shall change my heart."

"Farewell, then, sweetheart," said Li-Tso-Pe; "the light is fading and we must return. While I live, remember, my heart beats but for you."

The lovers separated only to go back for another last word, another parting kiss.

As the maiden crossed the cemetery a man who was praying over a magnificent tomb, observed her and seemed struck by her beauty. He noticed her tears and supposed that she was mourning for a relative recently lost. At the entrance to the cemetery this man made a sign to an escort that awaited him to withdraw.

Absorbed in her own misery the young girl did not perceive that he kept her in sight, and followed her all the way home. As she entered he wrote on his tablets: "On the place near the tower of Li-cow-li—the house of the blue dragons."

CHAPTER II.

LON-FOO was an orphan. She lived alone with her grandmother and a few domestics. Their fortune was modest, but more than sufficed for their wants. The young girl was just seventeen. Brought up by her indulgent grandparent, she enjoyed a greater degree of liberty

than is usually accorded to Chinese maidens. She embroidered very little, preferring to read and to amuse herself in the open air. The in-door life that her countrywomen are wont to lead was irksome to her and she passed most of her time in the garden, especially since she had met Li-Tso-Pe.

The poor child cried all night after parting from her lover, and in the morning when she looked into her mirror of polished steel, like the disk of the moon, she saw that her eyes were red and swollen, and plunged her pretty face again and again into fresh water to remove these traces of sorrow. While she was thus occupied a heavy stroke fell on the gong at the entrance and almost shook the house with the reverberation.

Who could be coming so early? She ran down to see. Her grandmother was already below the porch of the house, and two men-servants ran toward the garden gate; but when they opened it there was no one to be seen. On the ground, however, stood a lacquer coffer. The men lifted it and carried it to their mistress.

"What can it be?" cried the old lady, with upraised arms. "And how do we know that it is meant for us?"

"There is a letter under the silken cord that closes the coffer," said one of the domestics.

Lon-Foo took the letter written on red paper and unfolded it.

"*One high in power offers these valueless objects to the lovely Lon-Foo.*"

"Great Fo!" exclaimed the grandmother. "One high in power! How comes he to know you?"

"I don't understand it," replied the girl; "maybe it is a joke and we shall find the box filled with rubbish."

"Let us see!" said the old lady, raising the cover.

The two women gave a cry of stupor. Pearls of Tartary set in a marvelous necklace, were rolled in circles at the

bottom of the box like a serpent in repose, each pearl was as large as a pea, they were all alike and of matchless purity. In all the empire there could not be such another string. The coffer also contained pins for the hair set with rubies, and a complete set—bracelets, clasps, cases to preserve and beautify the finger nails—in green jade, exquisitely wrought.

"How beautiful it all is," said the old dame, clapping her hands gently together. "In all my life I never saw anything so magnificent."

"Where can it all have come from?" wondered Lon-Foo, uneasily. "Certainly Li-Tso-Pe can never have sent me a necklace only suitable for a queen to wear."

The day passed in conjecture. Lon-Foo ended by imagining that robbers who were pursued had laid the box down before her dwelling to ward off suspicion. She therefore began, with her grandmother's aid, to compose a letter explaining the affair to the city magistrates; but before it was finished the gong again resounded, and at the same moment a crowd of pages, outriders, lantern bearers, invaded the garden and ranged themselves in rows on each side of the path.

The two ladies advanced in stupefaction.

They were met by a Mandarin of the first rank in grand court costume, followed by two men, one bearing the parasol of honor, the other a crystal seal on a silken cushion.

The Mandarin went directly to the maiden and bent his knee before her.

"You are called Lon-Foo?" he asked, humbly.

"Yes," she stammered, shrinking back with fear.

"Most happy of all women in the realm. Beauty, to whom I can only address myself in kneeling, know that the one from whom you received the gifts this morning, the one who sends me to you now is the man before whom all bend and

tremble, the master of our lives, the Emperor of China!"

"The Emperor!" cried the grandmother, overwhelmed with amazement.

"Yes, the Celestial Majesty itself," resumed the Mandarin. "He saw Lon-Foo returning from the cemetery and fell so violently in love with her that he now knows no rest. He bids me say that he intends to marry her, and that to-morrow a splendid escort will come to conduct her to the palace. I hope," added the high functionary, "that when she is the favored wife of our sovereign the beautiful Lon-Foo may not forget the messenger who first announced the good news."

After further salutations the Mandarin withdrew before Lon-Foo had gathered sufficient courage to pronounce a single word.

The old lady's joyful astonishment was so profound that she never noticed her granddaughter's sadness and dismay. She sent for all her acquaintances to tell them the surprising news, and the house was soon full of people. Lon-Foo let them congratulate her without seeming to see them. She kept her eyes fixed on the floor and did not speak, and they thought her new position had already made her proud and disdainful.

At night when Lon-Foo had retired to her own room she sat a long time in deep thought. All at once she rose.

"I must act immediately," she thought, "while I am yet free, or to-morrow will find me a prisoner in that palace."

She half opened the door leading into her grandmother's room and listened. The sound of heavy and regular breathing convinced her that the old lady was asleep. She slipped along the landing and listened again. A profound silence reigned through the house; the domestics were also asleep. She went back to her room, opened several boxes, took her own little savings, a very small sum, then a package of faded flowers and letters, and threw on a dark-colored robe. She extinguished

the light and cautiously descended. The door was fastened inside by a bar of iron which she could not move; but she opened a window and jumped out. The garden gate closed only by a latch and she passed through, stopping for a moment, half hidden by one of the blue dragons which flanked the entrance, to take a last look at the house and garden.

"Ah! my dear Li-Tso-Pe," she said, with tears, "I may never again see this place where I have been so happy, but Heaven protected us in suggesting your departure, for now untold dangers would threaten the Emperor's rival!"

CHAPTER III.

LON-FOO crossed the square and entered a street. The night was pitchy dark; the sky overcast; not a light shone from any of the windows. The girl did not know where she was going. She walked straight on, rapidly, feeling her way along the wall, stumbling occasionally, but never stopping. She presently turned into a labyrinth of narrow lanes which were not yet silent. There were sounds of voices, laughter. The oiled paper of the windows glowed vaguely. Alarmed by her sinister surroundings she turned and hurried in another direction, and suddenly, on turning a corner, she saw the lanterns of the night watchmen who were going the rounds.

"Now what can I say if they question me?" she thought, "and what shall I do if they arrest me?"

She was leaning against a little hut and thought she heard voices within. Preferring to fall in with a band of robbers than to be carried home by the policemen, she knocked resolutely at the door. As it opened, she entered precipitately and closed it behind her.

"What do you want here?" demanded an old woman, who was sitting on a pile of rags. "I told you not to open the door," she continued, addressing an old man with a face like a baked apple, who

was staring at Lon-Foo in bewilderment.

"I open the door when people knock," he answered, stupidly.

"Do not be alarmed," said Lon-Foo, "I belong to a respectable family and have left my home for good reasons. I knocked to escape the patrolmen."

"Well, then wait till they have passed," said the woman, with the indifference of one too burdened by her own anxieties to feel any interest in those of others.

"Yes, yes, wait," echoed the old man.

Then they resumed their occupation of counting some copper pieces of money without paying the least attention to their visitor.

LON-FOO looked around her. A tattered paper lantern standing on the ground between the two old people threw a wierd light over the room. There was no floor, nothing but the bare earth, and the tiles of the roof formed the ceiling; no furniture, but strange piles of rags and heaps of other rubbish served the purpose of chairs and tables. On one of them were several cracked bowls. Lon-Foo nearly screamed as she looked toward the walls and thought she saw a number of people hanging and writhing in the flickering light. She could see their feet distinctly. Some had on satin shoes, and others wore hats that fell over their faces down to the chin. But a second look showed her that there were no feet in the shoes, no heads under the hats, and that her row of people was only a collection of old clothing carefully arrayed and hung up. She gave a sigh of relief, and then discovered a worn-out sign, stating that her hosts were rag-merchants.

The old people were still turning over their coppers.

"If you count it a thousand times you can't make it any more," said the old woman.

"It always comes out a quarter of a liang too little," said the old man, sadly.

"And so to-morrow the proprietor will turn us out and seize our merchandise."

"Yes, he will turn us out," repeated the man.

"I will make up the sum," said Lon-Foo, taking a piece of money from her purse, "on condition that you will let me stay here all night and that you will change my costume for the dress of a working-girl."

The old people had forgotten the young lady's presence, a smile lit up the man's face; but the woman shook her head. "You are making fun of us," she said.

"No, indeed!" said Lon-Foo, earnestly, throwing the silver piece upon the coppers; "but have you a dress to suit me?"

"You are a good girl," exclaimed the old woman, getting up briskly, "and Heaven sent you." She took down several costumes and showed them to Lon-Foo, who chose the cleanest, which was composed of wide, brown trousers, a tunic of blue cottonade, and a large straw hat that could conceal her face. Then the woman spread a piece of matting in a corner. "This is the best bed I can offer you," she said.

Lon-Foo lay down but could not sleep. At the first streak of dawn she rose, removed her silken garments, put on the common dress, and noiselessly left the house.

The streets were empty except for a few lean dogs that were hunting about for food. The girl hastened to leave the sordid quarter and went down a wide avenue toward the river. The rising sun threw silvery reflections over the azure water, a light breeze rippled the surface, and distorted the reflection of a pagoda on the bank. Water birds sat among the reeds piping and flapping their wings, cranes flew to the tree-tops, giving long cries, and toward the horizon the high mountains were vaguely outlined through the rose and lilac mists of the Orient.

Lon-Foo sat down on the grass by the

river to think over her situation. What was to become of her alone, so young and inexperienced? She knew how to cultivate flowers and take care of rare birds, but she was not acquainted with any kind of work suited to her new condition. She drew her little purse from her sleeve and counted her money. A few golden liangs rang gayly. It was something; but very little if she had to make it last the Emperor's lifetime, or to live on it until there came a change of reign!

Steps were approaching. A man came to the water's edge and shouted.

A shrill cry responded to his appeal and a boat came gliding through the rushes. The man jumped in and Lon-Foo watched as he was rowed across the stream. It was one of those boats called *chan-pan*, surmounted by a little cabin covered with matting which serves as the owner's home.

Lon-Foo noticed that this boat was managed by an old woman.

"She is dressed as I am, so I am in a boat-girl's costume. And here is a trade that would suit me admirably."

After landing her passenger on the opposite shore the ferrywoman returned and Lon-Foo made a sign for her to stop.

"Do you want to cross?"

"No, I want to ask you a question: Where can I buy a boat like yours?"

"Perfectly new?"

"New or old; I don't care."

"I would willingly sell mine if I could get a good price for it," said the woman; "I am growing old and the dampness does not do me any good."

"Will you really sell me your boat," said Lon-Foo, joyfully. "How much do you want for it?"

"Three golden liangs," said the old woman, at hap-hazard.

"I will give them to you," said the girl.

The ferrywoman opened wide eyes, and when she saw the shining coins jumped on the bank, seized them eagerly and

hurried away, fearing that the young lady might change her mind, for she had sold the boat for about three times its value.

"You will find some provisions and two measures of rice in the cabin," she called back. "I throw them into the bargain."

"I wonder why she ran away so quickly?" thought Lon-Foo; "I wanted her to show me how to guide the boat."

And at that moment a peasant appeared and jumped on board. "Come, be quick!" he said. "I am in haste, take me over at once."

Lon-Foo got in with great caution, sat down and took the oars; but in her unaccustomed hands the boat whirled, swayed, made a thousand zig-zags, but very little progress.

"Are you going mad? or trying to upset me?" asked the man, angrily.

"I am not half awake," replied Lon-Foo. Still, she managed to attain the opposite bank; but the passenger scolded her and went off without paying his fare.

She felt like crying under this rough usage, but soon took courage as she reflected: "If that fellow knew that the Emperor wanted to marry me, he would kneel at my feet with his forehead in the dust."

During the whole day the young ferry-girl found more and more difficulty in guiding her boat through the different vessels that floated over the river; many a time she was on the edge of upsetting; but she persevered and by night had learned the art of conducting a *chan-pan* over the Blue River. Worn out, she slept in her bamboo cabin a sounder sleep than she had ever known in her pretty room at home.

CHAPTER IV.

DURING this time the Emperor Hoai-Tsong, irritated at encountering obstacles in the way of accomplishing his wishes, had worked himself into a violent rage.

He had maltreated his ministers and threatened to cut off several heads if Lon-Foo was not found within a certain time. The palace and the city were therefore in extraordinary agitation. Rewards were offered to any one who could bring news of the fugitive. Couriers started for all the provinces, and soon the whole empire was searching for the beautiful Lon-Foo, beloved of the Emperor.

The affair even reached the ears of Li-Tso-Pe, who had gone to defend the frontiers threatened by the Mongols. Stung by jealousy and anxiety the young man resigned his post and set out for Nanking.

Meanwhile they had discovered traces of Lon-Foo. Her garments had been found at the rag-merchant's, who described the costume she gave in exchange. It was also rumored that an old ferrywoman of the Blue River had been suddenly replaced by a young girl of extreme beauty. The Emperor was therefore informed that this young ferry-girl, about whom no one could give definite information, was doubtless the lady he sought.

Hoai-Tsong wished to convince himself, and assuming a disguise, he went down to the river bank at the place indicated. As he approached the *chan-pan* Lon-Foo, lying under the shade of her cabin, was softly singing a song she had composed in thinking of Li-Tso-Pe. The Emperor listened, and this is what he heard:

"Since thou hast left me, loved one, I no longer dwell on earth. By day and night the waters of the Blue River rock me.

"The soft breath of the autumn has changed the green to yellow, like the happy day we met, with the leaves falling round us.

"One look from thee is better than the wealth of the sovereign; one word from thee is better than all his pomp and power!

"Why linger then, my loved one, so far from her who loves thee, whose tears are falling ever, as she longs for her lover!"

"Very good," said his majesty, when

Lon-Foo had stopped singing. "I know now why she ran away from me and disdains me."

He got into the boat and Lon-Foo jumped up quickly. The Emperor's heart beat hard as he again beheld her, and this sensation, almost of pain, delighted him, for emotions are rare among the all-powerful.

"Young girl," he said, "will you row me across the stream?"

"Certainly, seignior," replied Lon-Foo; "is it not my trade to traverse the river at all hours?"

"Yet this occupation does not seem worthy of you," he returned.

"It suits me admirably, and I should be incapable of exercising another," she said, as she pushed off.

"These pretty hands, like white jade, are not made to handle rough oars. This lovely face ought not to be browned by the sun," continued Hoai-Tsong. "The delicate hand should rather hold a sceptre of gold and precious stones, and the face be sheltered under the imperial palace!"

Lon-Foo turned pale on hearing these words and looked in terror at the man before her.

"You are joking, seignior," she said, in a trembling voice. "A peasant girl like me! I should be like an ink stain upon white satin!"

"What is the use of trying to deceive me, Lon-Foo," said the Emperor. "Why did you hide while I was upturning the empire to find you?"

"Are you the Emperor?" cried the girl, dropping her oars and clasping her hands.

"For others I am the Emperor. For you I am only a man who loves you."

"Have pity upon me, great Emperor!" implored Lon-Foo, throwing herself on her knees.

"What!" said Hoai-Tsong, "is this the way you receive my love?"

"I am not worthy of that love," said the girl. "The honor you do me crushes

me. I beg of you to think of me no more."

"I heard your song a moment since," said the Emperor, frowning. "For the first time I felt what jealousy is. You said your lover was far away. He should be dead if I but knew his name. Efface that name from your memory and dry your tears. I shall now conduct you to the palace. Resistance is useless. I am master, and I love you."

"Alas, alas! I am lost!" sighed poor Lon-Foo.

The Emperor made a sign and the banks were covered with people. Joyous music burst out. Junks, gayly adorned with flags, opening their bamboo matting sail like a great wing, advanced on all sides filled with Mandarins and high functionaries in ceremonious dress.

On seeing herself surrounded and prisoner of this crowd, Lon-Foo grew desperate. She raised her eyes toward the sky and made one frantic effort to escape. Who knows how it ever came about? Was it accident, or intentional? Lon-Foo fell into the river and disappeared beneath the peaceful waters.

The Emperor gave a fearful cry. The junks arrived rapidly. Several men plunged into the stream and dived. Hoai-Tsong kept his eyes fixed on the place where Lon-Foo had sunk.

"There! there! search there!" he commanded, while he stamped with rage and grief.

It was an hour before they found her. As they laid the lifeless form on the bank an armed warrior came riding up with speed. He alighted and hurried across the crowd. As he saw Lon-Foo he gave a piercing cry of sorrow, there was a flashing of steel, and he fell beside her.

"One favor, only, I beg of the Emperor," said the dying man; "let me be buried beside my love who died for love of me."

The Emperor stood upright with folded arms, biting his lips, hiding his anger and his sorrow from the gazing crowd. He

looked with jealous hatred at the dead body of the handsome young man who had been preferred by the only woman he had ever really loved.

"Shall we bury them side by side, according to his wishes?" asked a Mandarin.

"No! I forbid it," said the Emperor, briefly, and he turned away toward his palace.

Soon after this incident the Mongols invaded the Chinese territory. Hoai-Tsong

dethroned, committed suicide. He was the last sovereign of the dynasty of the Mings.

In the cemetery of Nanking may still be seen the tombs of Lon-Foo and Li-Tso-Pe. Each of these tombs is shadowed by a magnificent acacia tree. They are at a distance from each other. But the two trees have stretched out their branches which have met and twined together.

JUDITH GAUTIER.

ROBIN REDBREAST.

GOOD-BYE, good-bye to Summer!
 For Summer's nearly done;
 The garden smiling faintly,
 Cool breezes in the sun;
 Our thrushes now are silent,
 Our swallows flown away—
 But Robin's here in coat of brown,
 And scarlet breast-knot gay.
 Robin, Robin Redbreast,
 O Robin dear!
 Robin sings so sweetly
 In the falling of the year.

Bright yellow, red, and orange,
 The leaves come down in hosts;
 The trees are Indian princes,
 But soon they'll turn to ghosts;
 The leathery pears and apples
 Hang russet on the bough;

It's autumn, autumn, autumn late,
 'Twill soon be winter now.
 Robin, Robin Redbreast,
 O Robin dear!
 And what will this poor Robin do?
 For pinching days are near.

The fireside for the cricket,
 The wheat-stack for the mouse,
 When trembling night-winds whistle
 And moan all round the house.
 The frosty ways like iron,
 The branches plumed with snow—
 Alas! in winter dead and dark,
 Where can poor Robin go?
 Robin, Robin Redbreast,
 O Robin dear!
 And a crumb of bread for Robin,
 His little heart to cheer.

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

A COMMERCIAL TRAVELER'S STORY.

I HAD been the medium of a great many transactions between Messrs. Blank & Co., importers and dealers in diamonds, etc., and firms of minor importance, and held an enviable position in their esteem as a trustworthy and reliable agent and one whom it would take an expert to outwit. This had been achieved by several years of faithful service, in the course of which it had been my good fortune to bear safely to their destination numerous jewels of great value and to conduct myself in such a modest and discreet manner that only parties with whom I dealt had any knowledge of my real business. Nevertheless it was my practice to exercise as much caution as if my true business had been placarded upon my back, and I therefore formed no intimacies, and in my numerous journeys posed as a rather diffident young traveler for a certain manufacturing house. Even lovely young ladies gained but little attention from me, as I held in mind a certain connection between their blandishments and my shabby traveling-bag.

But somewhere every man must meet his fate, and I felt assured, as I alighted from the train one night in a heavy down-pour of rain, that I had met mine. Such a lovely, appealing face met mine as I stepped out of the car! Eyes blue as these wild violets that creep out of the grass at your feet in sweet wildwood places, turning their faces up as if begging you not to crush them—and hair all in a golden cluster around her forehead and glittering with raindrops as the light shone out on us! My umbrella—that, I thanked Prov-

idence, was with me—was up in a trice, and with a few courteous words I had drawn a small hand through my arm and was splashing along through a blur of bliss and mud and rain.

She and her brother had taken a little cottage here for a few weeks, just for a rest, he was *such* a worker. It was just a little ways up the street—no, she wouldn't, she couldn't think of troubling me—she would borrow an umbrella of the ticket-agent. So horrid that it should rain to-night, just as she was coming home unexpectedly from a little visit, and Horace would be *so* vexed. To all of which prattle, delivered in a sweet, child-like tone, I listened and replied as the occasion required, while mentally praying that her home might be a mile away and no umbrella but mine near. Fortune smiled on me.

No vehicle was there—the station-agent had no umbrella—it was no trouble to me to offer the protection of mine, as I had two or three hours to wait before the train would arrive on which I was to resume my journey, so we splashed on again. It was not very far, no matter how hard I tried to delay our footsteps, and we soon reached the veranda of her home. And while I paused, nothing loth, for a parting word, she prettily invited me to enter, that brother Horace, as well as she, might thank me for my kindness. Pretending reluctance that I might longer delight in her presence, I finally consented and went with her into the house. I did not fall as deeply in love with Horace as I had with his sister, although he was very pleas-

ant and hospitable. In fact, after some urging, I concluded that their view of the case was correct and that I might as well remain there and avoid the rain until time for my train, when, possibly, the storm might be over.

As I was the bearer of some very fine and valuable diamonds which had been intrusted to my employers for resetting, I did not care to pause in my journey until they were delivered into the hands of their owner. This information, however, I did not convey to my entertainers, but, congratulating myself on the pleasant experience which fate had bestowed upon me, I settled back in my easy chair, prepared to enjoy myself.

In a few moments Miss Desart, as they had informed me was their family name, went out of the room, and presently returned with a tray on which was a most tempting luncheon. We must have refreshments, certainly, after exposure to the storm—a supper at the railway eating-house was of no account—and if I would excuse an informal repast, they had nothing hot, as their servant was out for the night, but there was some wine of an ancient vintage, Mr. Desart flattered himself he was something of a judge, and he called it not bad, etc., etc. And I confess I was quite of his mind. The wine was certainly excellent, and sitting around the little table in the cozy parlor, we ate and talked and laughed as if we had known each other for years, while all the time my eyes devoured the lovely face of Lola Desart, as she leaned against her brother's chair, and looked and smiled at me.

I thought I had drank a little too much wine, for as I looked at her dazzling golden curls and violet eyes, her smiles and dimples, I was seized by a mad desire to propose to her on the spot.

This impulse was holding battle with stern common sense, when she arose and at her brother's suggestion went to the piano. My last distinct recollection was

of a complete routing of my antagonist, said common sense, and a firm determination to declare my devotion then and there, to the measures of one of Strauss's most entrancing waltzes.

This, I do not suppose I really succeeded in accomplishing, as when I again came to a realizing sense of my existence I still sat in the big reclining-chair where I had sat at supper; but the tray with its glass and silver was gone, and in its place the sun struck with a ruddy glare on my shabby traveling-bag, wide open, and a twisted note stuck through its handle.

For a moment I sat and rubbed my aching brow and eyes, and stared at the bag before me—then my senses came back to me. I leaned forward and took the twisted note, and this is what I read:

"MY DEAR MR. EDWARD THORNE:—You are the soul of caution, but 'The pitcher that goes often to the well gets broken at last!' Learning that the wealthy and eccentric Madame De Lacey was to get her famous diamonds reset, and being something of a connoisseur in diamonds myself, I concluded to add them to the collection of my lovely wife, who, you will admit, is quite worthy to be adorned by them. As the setting, though fine, is not to my taste, I leave it with you, for several reasons.

"The vacant house, which we took the liberty of occupying for the occasion of your little visit, is quite at your disposal until the return of the legal occupants, and we beg you to believe that we greatly appreciated and enjoyed our pleasant evening in your company,

"With sincere regards,
"HORACE DESART."

Sure enough, there in my traveling-bag was the setting of the jewels, but the precious stones, famous on two continents, were gone!

So this was how I had been trapped

and duped after all these years. I arose and looked at my haggard face and heavy eyes. I looked about as might have been expected of one who was about to appear before the public as a housebreaker and drunken tramp. At this thought I smoothed up and went to survey the situation.

Thank Heaven! the house was on a corner, at the outskirts of the town. Dense shrubbery hid the windows. No house was near. In a moment I had lifted the window and dropped out. The friendly shrubbery screened me. A few moments and I was out of the grounds and on the king's highway.

With a long breath I pulled myself together and looked at my watch. Eleven o'clock! Just twelve hours since my Lorelei had wooed me into the waves of oblivion with her music.

Twenty minutes later and I was whirling along back whence I came, trying to invent new names for a two-legged blind donkey!

We telegraphed unavoidable delay, and while I unscrewed the heels of my boots and emptied out their glittering contents that they might be again duplicated for timid Madame DeLacey's comfortable wear, I said, emphatically, and I say it still, that Blank & Co.'s paste diamonds would deceive the very elect.

They saved me my position and reputation, though at a cost of a good deal of mortification, for I made a clean breast of it to my employers. But no unprotected female gets any more attention from me when I go on secret missions—no, not if she were more lovely than Venus herself.

SEDDIE P. SMITH.

OCTOBER.

SUMMER is gone in her glory—gone with her cloudless sky,
 Winter, the white and hoary, swiftly is drawing nigh;
 Sadly the winds are sighing, tossing the leaves around,
 Casting them, faint and dying, down to the chilly ground.
 Where are the rosebuds hiding, rosebuds that yesterday
 Blushed, as the sunbeam, gliding, kissed them upon his way?
 Where are the thousand flowers—azure and red and gold,
 Gems of the garden bowers, queens of the mead and wold?
 Scattered and faded, lying, long have their beauties been,
 Dead with fair Summer's dying, gone with the fallen queen!
 Autumn in pomp is reigning over the mead and wold,
 Autumn the woods is staining russet and red and gold;
 Chill are her winds and wailing, cold is her hoar-frost white,
 Crushing the blossoms failing, dead'ning their beauty bright.
 Yet, when the world lies dreaming, in the still autumn days,
 Forest and woodland gleaming, faint through the golden haze,
 When the far church-bell ringing, over the mountain's crest,
 Sounds as though softly singing, hushing the world to rest—
 Then, though the summer splendor far from the earth be fled,
 Though the bright flow'rets tender faded are all and dead,
 Though now the Frost King hoary withers the woodlands green,
 Yet shall we crown with glory Autumn, the year's bright queen.

THE ORPHAN OF IDAHO.*

BY

ISADORE ROGERS.

CHAPTER V.

"**M**UST I return to be forced over the brink of that awful chasm?" she said, half audibly, as she slackened her steps with a feeling amounting almost to suffocation.

"Daisy, if there ever comes a time when you need help, sympathy, or counsel that it is in my power to give you, I exact a promise that you will come to me."

In an instant the entire contents of that letter had flashed across her mind, and with eager, impatient steps she was retracing her way, saying "The time *has* come, and I'll fulfill my promise. Fred may think it strange, but he is my friend and counselor still."

Back, along the quiet streets with unwearying feet she passed, with a new hope strengthening her heart, though in what manner he could possibly assist her she did not understand, but repeating "he will know," she hurried on.

She reached her destination at length, and was admitted by the girl attending upon Mrs. Dale.

Frederick had just returned from the factory and was entertaining his mother with little items of interest as he had always done since she had been confined to the house, when she entered the room.

"Daisy, you are in trouble and have

remembered your promise!" he said, with an almost exultant ring in his tones as he advanced and took both her hands in his strong, magnetic clasp.

For the first time during the whole period of her wretchedness, the girl burst into tears.

He placed an easy chair for her, and taking a seat beside her waited for the storm of feeling to subside.

Bitter experience had taught him how much relief there is in tears to those whose feelings have been long pent up and restrained, until the barriers *will* burst in a flood of uncontrollable tears.

"Forgive my weakness, Fred, I couldn't help it," she said, at length.

"There is nothing to forgive, Daisy," he said, gently, "tell me all about it."

"Perhaps I have done wrong in coming here, but if I have, I can trust you and your mother. You will counsel me right, and if I am wrong, you will help me to do right," she said, scarcely knowing how to begin.

"Certainly, dear," said Mrs. Dale. "Speak free to us, and rest assured that even if we thought there was the least impropriety in your coming, we would not betray you. Frederick is just the same kind and considerate boy that he always was and even your aunt cannot feel a more tender interest in your welfare than

I," and thus assured, the tried and troubled girl told them how she had unintentionally and unconsciously involved herself in a web of circumstances which seemed to compel her to take a step to which she could not be reconciled, and finished by fixing her great pleading eyes upon his face and saying, "You are older and wiser than I, Fred; tell me what to do."

For a moment he sat looking at her troubled face in silence. There arose in his heart a sensation almost of happiness, as she told of her entire lack of affection for Judge Corwin, then came the thought, "Why should I rejoice? I can never hope, dare aspire to her hand, why should I rejoice at her rejection of this man?" and resolutely casting all selfish considerations aside, he resolved to counsel her only with regard to the only persons whom her decision would be of life-long importance.

"Daisy," he said at length, "Judge Corwin knows that you have not purposely tried to win him; he is too wise a man to be deceived by an artless girl like yourself. He also knows the circumstances that led you to accept his attentions.

"You say that he is good and noble, kind and unselfish; so much the more reason why you should not wrong him by accepting the love which you cannot return. If I were in his place, laying my heart, my fortune, and an honored name at the feet of a woman, and she should accept all from me, without giving in return that love which makes heaven of home, or a desert in its absence, I could never forgive her. But you are impelled toward this whirlpool of wretchedness by wills whose united strength exceeds your own; unaided, you cannot resist them, and unless you can bring some other influence to assist you, your power of self-assertion will be completely overcome, you will ultimately yield, and drift helplessly with the stronger current. Now go to your uncle, tell him all about it, and

ask his protection; if he does not give it, come to me again, and I will help you. I would go to you, but from my side of the social chasm I cannot cross over, but from your more favored position you can come. If you do not come, you must write, for I am anxious to know the termination of this matter."

How clear seemed the way since the light of his counsels had fallen upon it!

"Fred, you are the very best and wisest man in the whole world," she said, impulsively. "You don't know how you have cheered and strengthened me. What can I do to repay you?"

"If I have been of any use to you, the thought is ample compensation," he answered, quietly. "I only ask that you will always remember the promise that brought you here to-day."

With spirits far different from her despondent feelings of a few hours previous, Daisy proceeded homeward.

Dinner was in readiness, and Mr. Dexter had already returned from his office.

"Where have you been, Daisy?" questioned Mrs. Dexter, when she came in.

"I have been taking a walk, auntie," she answered.

"It must have done you good, what a rosy color you have. I have not seen you looking so well for weeks," said Mrs. Dexter, patronizingly.

"Haven't you?" asked the girl, absently, as she took her place at the table.

She was very quiet and thoughtful until the repast was ended, and when Mr. Dexter started to return to his office she followed him out across the grounds intervening between the house and the street.

"Uncle," she said, laying her hand upon his arm detainingly, as soon as they were fairly beyond Mrs. Dexter's hearing, "must I marry Judge Corwin?" she asked, fixing her eyes upon his face, imploringly.

"Must you?" he questioned, with a look of surprise; "there is no compulsion about it, is there? You are to use your own pleasure, and yours only. If you love

him better than any other man on earth, if you are happier in his presence than in any other society, if you could bid defiance to poverty and adversity for his sake, then marry him, if not, leave him free to find some one who can."

Daisy drew a long breath of relief.

"O uncle!" she said, impulsively, "you do not know what a weight you have lifted from my very soul. I never wanted to marry him, but Aunt Josephine says that I cannot honorably avoid it after letting matters progress as far as they have, but, Uncle Joseph, I did not intend to do wrong, but it seemed as if circumstances always compelled me to do just as I did. Aunt Josephine has determined that I shall marry him, and if he should come in your absence, I should fear to disobey her," she continued, earnestly.

"She means well, she has your highest welfare at heart, but this is going a little too far. Although no one should enter upon a matrimonial engagement without serious reflection, there should be no disagreeable feelings connected with it, and had I known that you were really suffering in consequence of this affair, I should have terminated it long ago. If I should see you about to throw yourself away upon some worthless fellow who I knew would wreck your happiness for life, I might object, but I will never lend my influence to induce you to form a distasteful alliance. If you prefer not to marry Judge Corwin, write a short and respectful note telling him so and I will see that it is delivered without annoyance to you."

"O Uncle Joseph!" exclaimed the girl, ecstatically, "how much good a good man can do."

"That is a good standard, Daisy, to measure a man by the amount of good he does, but I fear that I should be found sadly wanting if judged by that very standard," replied Mr. Dexter, smiling at her impulsiveness.

"You don't know, you *can't* know, what an oppressive weight you have lifted

from my mind. Uncle Joseph, you are the *very best* man on the face of the earth!" she exclaimed, gratefully.

"There, there, not so fast, my child, isn't there one, just *one*, that you believe to be at least fully equal to myself?" he asked, teasingly.

"You are as good as there is any need of being, but what if the Judge should call during your absence?" she asked, apprehensively, for her aunt's wrath was something that she feared to bear.

"I will return to the parlor and wait while you write the note, and I will take it with me and save him the trouble of calling," he replied.

Daisy flew to her room with a birdlike joyousness.

Mrs. Dexter expressed her surprise at his return, and he replied:

"Daisy has concluded to answer the Judge in a note, and I will wait until it is written."

"The foolish child," said Mrs. Dexter, "she is altogether too formal with him."

"Let her have her own way; it is her own affair," replied her husband.

After a few moments Daisy returned with the note in her hand.

"Read it to us, my dear, and let us see to what extent you have carried your eccentricity," said Mrs. Dexter.

"Yes, Daisy, read it, and let us have the grand finale without further delay," acquiesced her husband, and the girl read in clear, firm tones:

"JUDGE CORWIN:—Honored and respected friend, your proposal honors me far more than I deserve, but I cannot wrong you by wedding for wealth and position when I feel only reverence and respect for the man whom I know to be worthy of woman's truest and holiest affection. I do not decline the honor because I undervalue it, but because I cannot give in return that affection which you have a right to expect. Hoping that you

will not think unkindly of me for giving a truthful expression to my sentiments nor experience any undue disappointment, I remain,

"Your sincere friend,
"DAISY HILLIARD."

"*Daisy Hilliard!*" shrieked Mrs. Dexter, springing from her chair as she might have done had the house been tumbling down over her head.

"What is the matter?" asked Mr. Dexter.

"*Matter?*" echoed Mrs. Dexter, wildly; "*didn't you hear that read?*"

"Certainly," replied Mr. Dexter, quietly, "and I thought it well expressed. Did you detect any grammatical errors in it?"

"*Joseph Dexter!*" shrieked Mrs. Dexter, hysterically, "can it be that *you, too*, are fit only for the insane asylum? *Would* you encourage that silly girl in throwing away an opportunity that may not occur again during her lifetime? don't you know that he will be a candidate for congressional honors at the next election and that he is a millionaire already? And who knows but that he may be minister to France or Brazil or possibly President of the United States?"

"If I were a young girl, contemplating a union to be as lasting as my life I should not ask whether the man was a millionaire, minister to France, Brazil, President of the United States, or clerk in a dry goods store, but, is he honest, honorable, intelligent, kind-hearted, unselfish, energetic, and progressive? will his love and companionship compensate for every sacrifice which I will be required to make for his sake? would I be willing to endure poverty with him rather than live in luxury with another? and if I could answer all these questions to my satisfaction, I should accept him, otherwise I should not," said Mr. Dexter, decisively.

"Joseph Dexter, you are as romantic and sentimental as a schoolgirl yourself.

There you sit and indulge in language having a tendency to encourage Daisy in her willfulness and obstinacy, on purpose to disappoint me. I took her into my home when she was a little, friendless creature, as ignorant of the manners and customs of civilized society as a Hottentot or a South Sea islander, taught her, trained her, educated her until she is second to none in this entire city, or any other, I might say, and *now*, doesn't *common gratitude demand* that she should take my advice upon a subject of which her judgment is too immature to decide understandingly for herself?" she asked, in angry excitement.

"If Daisy is too young to have judgment enough to decide intelligently for herself she is too young to marry. No parent nor guardian has any right to allow a girl to marry whose mind is so undeveloped that she cannot choose for herself understandingly. In reference to what you have done for her you have most faithfully fulfilled every obligation and conscientiously performed every duty, but no person or persons have any right to take a helpless child and place it under obligations which it will require a life-long sacrifice to repay. You cultivate and care for a flower because its presence in the house compensates for the trouble. So it has been with this human flower, transplanted from the sterile soil of the mountain side, and if in this more congenial atmosphere she has attained a greater perfection of bloom and beauty, she has repaid our care by her cheering presence, her sunny ways, and affectionate demeanor toward us both. We shall feel disconsolate, indeed, Josephine, when our home is robbed of its birdling," said Mr. Dexter.

"You care nothing for the disappointment of Judge Corwin, *his* feelings are not taken into consideration at all, and you have no conscientious scruples against throwing him over after all the encouragement that he has received for the last

three months," said Mrs. Dexter, indignantly.

"Daisy has never purposely encouraged him, and he knows it. He has had a fair opportunity to win her affections and failed in the accomplishment of his object. Now, if he is an honorable gentleman, as we suppose him to be, let him prove it by ceasing to annoy her with his attentions. Daisy, give me the note and I will see that it is delivered," said Mr. Dexter.

"And so *you* conspire against me and thwart all my plans and calculations, regardless of the deep mortification and bitter disappointment which you know that it will cause me," exclaimed Mrs. Dexter, bursting into tears.

"Why, Josephine, if it was *your* wedding that you had been contemplating all this time, I could understand your grief and disappointment, but the greatest wrong that a parent or guardian can do is to urge a young girl into a distasteful marriage. I care not what the advantages may be, they cannot compensate for galling matrimonial chains, and Daisy shall be left free to decide this matter in accordance with her own inclinations," said Mr. Dexter, decidedly.

Mrs. Dexter spent the remainder of the day in tears. It was the first time since her marriage that her will had been authoritatively set aside, and she could scarcely be reconciled to the indignity of the situation, but the matter was settled, and when Mr. Dexter returned in the evening and handed Daisy the following note she felt that she was compelled to be resigned if not reconciled.

"MY DEAR GIRL:—My disappointment finds consolation in contemplating the truth and sincerity of your reply. You have really refused to accept that which you could not repay, and I admire the strength of character and principle which impels you not to wed for mere worldly considerations. That you may be happy through all the days of your life

and will at least think of me kindly is the wish of your sincere friend.

"J. M. CORWIN."

Mrs. Dexter was silent and melancholy for days. She felt that she had been defrauded of a crowning triumph, and she was as disconsolate as Judge Corwin himself.

She rallied, at length, however, and began to investigate the cause of her niece's perversity.

"I must arrive at the foundation of it before I make another attempt," she soliloquized, "but *when* shall I ever find another Judge Corwin?"

But Daisy was as light-hearted as a bird. Once more her joyous laugh echoed through the rooms and her happy songs came floating on every breeze, and she tried by every means in her power to coax her aunt back to her former complacency, but the secret of her rejection of Judge Corwin was a mystery even to that penetrating lady, for "girlish perversity" was not a quite satisfactory explanation.

She was not very long in this state of uncertainty, however, for Frederick and Daisy happened to meet in her presence, and the mutual pleasure that beamed from the countenance of both was a revelation to her vigilant eye.

"Josephine Dexter," she said to herself, "have all your intellectual faculties been utterly dormant that this has never occurred to you before? It will be utterly useless to make another attempt to get Daisy satisfactorily settled until there is a mutual misunderstanding effected between them, and even then the right man may not be on hand at the right time," she reflected, with a sigh. "Oh! what a trouble and perplexity a willful girl is! I pity the mother of half a dozen marriageable daughters."

There was nothing to be done but to await an opportunity, and it came sooner than she had anticipated.

She did not mention Frederick's name

to Daisy. She did not wish her to think that she admitted the possibility of her caring for the foreman of a factory, and if, inadvertently it had been suggested, she would have met it with an indignant protest.

A new proprietor was added to the manufacturing company, and brought with him a daughter whom Mrs. Dexter immediately determined should be the means of bringing about the estrangement upon which she had decided.

Miss Lawson was about twenty-three years of age, a brunette, and a beauty. Her hair was dark and glossy; her complexion clear and rose-tinted, and eyes black and lustrous, but there was a slumbering fire in their radiance that was liable to flash forth in a petulant burst of temper upon the slightest provocation, whether real or imaginary. She was a strange combination of antagonistic traits. Streaks of generosity were interspersed with freaks of despicable meanness, making an impression of genuine goodness of heart one day and overthrowing it the next by her selfish, capricious, and uncertain temper.

In fact, the selfish gratification of Miss Lorena Lawson was the hidden mainspring that a shrewd observer of human nature detected even through the guise of apparent generosity. Twice she had been engaged, but the acidity of her temper and the uncertainty of her moods had made each of her successive suitors glad to avail himself of the dismissal which she gave in a fit of anger and jealousy, and retreat in short order, only too happy to have escaped with his freedom.

She came with her father to the factory one day, and while walking about looking at the whirling spindles, powerful engines, etc., Mr. Lawson carelessly stepped too near to a revolving wheel, and the long linen duster which he wore was instantly caught in the gyrating machinery.

A moment later he would have been

mangled in the wheels had not the watchful eye of the foreman been upon him, and with a glance and a bound the young man seized the form of the proprietor in his powerful grasp, and wrenched him from his perilous position with no other damage than a serious fright, a few bruises, and some torn clothing.

The old gentleman trembled at the thought of the imminent peril from which he had so narrowly escaped, and besides the gratitude which they naturally felt for the timely assistance which one instant's hesitation would have made too late, both were favorably impressed by the prepossessing appearance and gentlemanly demeanor of the rescuer. For a few moments Mr. Lawson was so completely overcome that he could not articulate a syllable, while she stood by pale and trembling, uttering hysterical exclamations, but he returned the next day and had a protracted interview with the young man. Mr. Lawson was a practical and prudent man. He was too independent to allow himself to be influenced by fashion or precedent, and possessing both capital and character, he stood firmly upon his own responsibility regardless of the opinions of any other man.

He recognized the real worth and manhood of Frederick Dale, and treated him accordingly. He invited the young man to his house and received him as an honored guest, and although gratitude alone might not have impelled the daughter to treat him with such especial kindness, that, added to the fact that he was a handsome and prepossessing young man and an agreeable and entertaining companion, was sufficient to insure her kindest attention.

Mr. Lawson gave an entertainment in remembrance of his Providential escape, to which he invited Frederick, and in an appropriate speech he related his exciting experience, and introduced the young man as the valued friend to whose presence of mind and promptness of action

he owed the fact that he was in the midst of that brilliant throng, participating in its joy and festivity instead of being at that moment resting in his grave.

Congratulations were enthusiastically lavished upon him, and Frederick was at once recognized as the hero of the hour, and with an assumption of superior right Miss Lawson appropriated his principal attentions to herself during the evening, and in fact, what affection she had that was not absorbed in her love for herself, was inspired by the presence of this handsome and intellectual young man.

CHAPTER VI.

"AND so Jack Hilliard is gone."

"Yes, curse my luck, if he could only have lived a few weeks longer, I might have been better off by at least a million. He's been a profitable customer to me for the last fifteen years; he worked whenever he was out of money, and whenever he made a lucky strike, I got the profits. I could always tell when he'd made a lucky speculation, and had money; he'd always say he wouldn't drink, and sit down and look as if he was praying to all the angels in Heaven for help to fight the demon within him that was calling for drink, and I have laughed to myself many a time to see how miserable he looked, and when I'd ask him if he'd take a glass, and he'd say: 'No, I'm goin' to quit,' I'd think, 'You are, eh?' and I poured out a glass and set it where he could inhale the odor of it, and when he'd stood that temptation for awhile, I'd treat the crowd, and get him to take just one glass as a kind o' tonic or medicine, telling him that I knew by the looks of him that he wasn't feeling well, and he'd resist as long as he could, but that appetite was in him like a caged devil, and I knew that I could torture and exasperate it until it became too strong for his weakened powers to control, and I kept right on tantalizing, aggravating, exasperating, until he couldn't resist another moment, and he'd seize the glass

with a kind of a frenzy, and drink with a look of despairing desperation, and I knew I had him. He'd take the next glass without coaxing, and when he was just drunk enough we would begin to play. Why, Josh, I believe I've pocketed ten thousand dollars that he's dug out of the mines since he became my customer."

"Well, all I'm sorry for is, that he didn't live long enough for you to get the benefit of his last lucky strike. We could have afforded to let him go by the board if we'd 'a' got that, and I've been trying all day to invent some means by which we can obtain a claim on his property."

The speakers were Mr. Leviticus Brener and his son Joshua.

Mr. Brener's was the gambling-saloon in which the earnings of the miners and cowboys had been transferred from their pockets to his own for many a year. His profits had been immense, but with greed developing in proportion to his profits, he was not satisfied with the tide of ill-gotten gain, and undertaking to add thereto by illegally supplying whisky to the Indians, the majesty of the law asserted itself, and it had cost such an enormous sum to bribe witnesses enough to save him from the penalty of his crime that the accumulations of years was swept away, for knowing that they had him at their mercy, the men forced him to choose between paying their exorbitant demands and taking the just punishment of his nefarious dealings, so that now he was in straitened circumstances, and a golden opportunity had escaped his avaricious grasp.

The occasion to which the conversation just related refers was the sudden death of Hilliard, and the two men were the proprietor of the gambling and drinking saloon and his son Joshua.

Hilliard had been a frequent customer, and when he would have discarded the sin, like every other iniquity, it had its strong hold, and perhaps no other takes so powerful a grasp upon its infatuated

victims as the votaries of the gaming-table.

The intoxicating excitement of occasional winnings, the unquestioning belief that the fortune is there to be won, and that just one turn in the wheel of fortune *may* bring money swiftly and easily, and the artful devices of the professional gambler, baiting, alluring, exciting, supplying the intoxicating draught whenever the overwrought nerves show symptoms of weariness, goading the victims on to certain ruin and destruction, unscrupulously blasting and degrading manhood, that *he* may flourish upon the spoils.

And Hilliard had been a victim to this demon for years: at one time he would be the possessor of thousands made by a lucky stroke in the prospecting business, then doubling that at the gaming-table, keeping it in his possession for days, perhaps, as the gambler saw fit to let him, to keep up the infatuation, then losing all in a single night, and when every other resource was exhausted, he would recruit his finances by hard work among the mines, and repeat the same experiences.

For a long time Seward had left him to follow out his own line of destruction, for this persistent yielding to the passion for gambling had exhausted even the patience of that trusty friend, but during the last three months Seward had coaxed him off to quite a distance from the town, and kept him steadily at his work until at last their labors were rewarded by the discovery of a vein of gold ore which filled them with an excitement greater than that of the gaming-table.

Hilliard wanted to start straight to their old haunts with the news, but Seward restrained and held him aloof, until the value of the ore had been tested and capitalists found who were willing to enlist in the work of opening the mine; then when everything was settled beyond a doubt, the partners started for the scene of their former associations.

It required a journey of thirty miles on foot, over a rough pathway, but the thought of the excitement which the news of their good fortune would create, kept them stimulated to the effort, and toward night they halted beside a spring formed by the ice-cold waters trickling down from the melting snows above.

The day was intensely warm, and with the shanties and tents of the mining town visible through the shadows of the vale below, they paused to rest and refresh themselves with a drink from the ice-cold fountain. Both men were sweating profusely, and Seward drank cautiously, but with his usual recklessness Hilliard took a deeper draught. "Not too much, Jack, we are very warm, and this water is as cold as if it had just been poured out of the north pole," cautioned Seward.

"There's no end to your preachin', Tom, you've shut off my supply of whisky and I've been peaceable, but when you undertake to put me on a quarter allowance of cold water, I'll resist it for fear your next move will be to regulate the amount of fresh air that I ought to breathe," and Hilliard took another drink.

A few moments later he was seized with a violent chill. They started on, but it was with the greatest difficulty that Hilliard reached the town, and by the time that the news of their good fortune had been thoroughly circulated he died from congestion.

Leviticus Brener and son sincerely regretted the loss of their profitable customer.

Their finances were exceedingly low just at that time, and the thought that Hilliard's suddenly acquired wealth might have been transferred to their own possession was a bitter reflection.

"Jack's interest in that mine is valued at about two millions," said the son, reflectively.

"Yes, and that little girl that he used

to keep up there in the old cabin will inherit it all," said the father.

"Where is she?" inquired the son, with an increasing interest.

"Gone to her mother's folks, way out East somewhere," replied the elder Brener.

"Pity she hadn't 'a' been left here," said the younger man, thoughtfully.

"I know it; I foresaw that something like this would happen, and tried to prevent her from going. I got Hilliard to take a few glasses, and persuaded him to let me send a party to bring her back after she had started, and would have succeeded if it hadn't been for that cursed Tom Seward," said the gambler.

"He's always in the way, somehow; I don't see why he takes such an interest in Hilliard's affairs," said the son, complainingly.

"He always thought a great deal of that little girl, took more notice of her than Jack did, and it wouldn't surprise me if he willed her his interest in the mine too, unless he thinks she has enough without it," said the father.

"I don't suppose you know her address?" questioned the son.

"No, Tom Seward is the only one in this part of the country who does know, and if you were to ask him, it would only make him more careful not to tell," replied the father.

The young man sat for a few moments absorbed in thought.

"I don't see anyway to get the fortune except by marrying the heiress," he said, at length.

"That's a good idea, but you'll have to find her first," said the father. "If you could only prevail upon Tom to give you her address and let you carry the news to her."

"He wouldn't do it. If he suspected that I wanted to know, he'd lock himself up every night for fear he might tell it in his sleep," said the young man, in an injured tone.

"I know it, but maybe there's some other way," replied the father.

"I'll study on it," answered the son, and he walked thoughtfully away.

"Josh can *act* the gentleman, though of course the acting is all there is of it, and he's not bad looking, and he's been among the boys at Denver long enough to learn how to act like other folks, and he's as cunning as a fox; who knows but that he'll make a success of this matter?" soliloquized the father.

After a few moments the younger man returned.

"I've hit upon a plan, father," he said. "I'll buy an elegant gold watch and chain and have her name engraven upon it and carry it to her, with the information that it comprises all her father's earthly possessions and that he made me promise with his latest breath that I would deliver it safely into her own hands."

"Good," ejaculated the father, gleefully. "That will give you an introduction, and you can represent me as the president of a wealthy mining company and yourself a junior partner, likewise immensely wealthy. I can mortgage the house and furniture for money enough to buy the watch and a gentleman's outfit—gold-headed cane, diamond breastpin, and all—but the trouble is, that cursed Tom Seward will write and tell her all about it before you can even find out where she is."

"I'll attend to that," answered the son.

Meanwhile faithful Tom Seward was laboriously writing for full half a day in the arduous attempt to produce a becoming letter and explain the circumstances connected with Hilliard's death and the extent of the fortune left to his daughter, and though the latter was far from being satisfactory, he concluded that it was the best that he could do and went promptly to the office to mail it.

Joshua Brener was watching him, and as soon as he saw Seward come away from the office he entered the building.

A weak and cadaverous-looking young

man with pale blue eyes and a milk-and-water appearance generally, was attending to the office.

He was alone when Joshua Brener entered and accosted him familiarly.

"You look kinder weak and tired out, Stokes, take a little something to brace you up," said young Brener, taking a bottle from his pocket and handing it to the young man.

"I do need something kind o' stimulating," he replied, as he received the bottle and took a copious draught.

The two young men talked for a while upon matters of town topic, and Brener, arising as if to go, said, "Here, take another drink before I leave."

Again the young man drank and young Brener remained talking with him until the flushed face and garrulous tongue betrayed the fact that his brain was sufficiently affected for the intended object.

"How many letters do you send out from this office per day?" asked Brener.

"'Bout fifty," replied the clerk.

"Nonsense," answered Brener. "I'll bet you five dollars there aint twenty letters in that box!"

"I'll take it!" exclaimed the clerk, "put up the money."

"You must let me help count them, for if I give you a chance to win the money I'll have a fair count," said Brener.

"All right," said the clerk, producing the money and laying it beside the five dollars that Brener laid upon the table.

The clerk won, but young Brener carried off Tom Seward's letter, thus obtaining Daisy's address and intercepting the news of her inheritance at the same time. And faithful Tom watched and waited for an answer that never came.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A BLUE SERGE SUIT.

CHAPTER I.

I GOT this suit because I was going to the seaside. My wife said I was to go; that I was looking tired and worn, and that I wanted a change. Now I don't at all care about going in the country. London is the pleasantest place in the world, and it seems folly to leave it for a place that is certain to be less pleasant. And I had not been away for years—not since I was married, in fact; but this year my wife said I was to go, and she stroked back my hair from my forehead, and said my temples were throbbing, and that showed I ought to be at the seaside. And she kissed me on the top of the head on the place where the hair is very thin, and said persuasively, "We'd better spend the money that way than in doctor's bills, Walter, and you can easily take three weeks' holiday."

"I can," I said, "and I will; but I don't know why I should go away simply because everybody else does. The air of Highgate is healthy enough for anybody, and we can make some excursions from here. We can hire a carriage and drive out through Hendon, anywhere in that direction. And I'll take you to the Crystal Palace. And I haven't seen Epping Forest for ever so long."

There's no use arguing with my wife—she never gives in. I'm told most women are like her in that. She persuaded me finally that I was to go down to Eastcliff, and after I had been there a day or two I was to look out for lodgings, and she would come down with the two children.

They didn't want the change, she said; it was for my sake we were going. But she couldn't bear to think of leaving me alone. When we had settled on Eastcliff my wife left me in peace for a few days. Then one morning at breakfast she said suddenly:

"Have you ordered your new clothes yet, Walter?"

"New clothes, my dear?" I said. "I don't get my next suit for another six weeks."

"Well, but, Walter," she said, "you must have a light suit for the seaside. You can't go about all the time in black; you must have a jacket-suit, for when you are sitting on the pebbles or rowing or wading."

"Mrs. Biffin," I said, "am I supposed to sit on pebbles or to go about wading, exposing my ankles, at my time of life?"

I put this quite pathetically. But it was no use saying anything; my wife would have ordered the suit herself if I hadn't gone round to the tailor's.

He was very pleased to see me, and rubbed his hands deferentially as I sat down.

"A little sooner than usual this time, sir," he said. "The same thing, I suppose, sir. Black diagonal coat and vest."

"Mr. Tape," said I, "I regret that it is not the same thing. My wife insists on my having a summer suit—a light suit, you know, for the seaside."

He showed me no end of patterns of light materials, but I couldn't satisfy myself. I am shy, let me say here—particularly about wearing new clothes.

My wife says I am afraid that people will pinch me as my schoolfellows did when I was a boy. Even when I get into a new black coat just the same as the one I am leaving off, I don't like it. And to wear those stripes and things! At last the tailor suggested a blue serge. That wasn't so very different, he said, and was quite the correct thing for the seaside—quite nautical, in fact. So I fixed on a suit of navy blue, three guineas and a half, five per cent. discount for cash, and was pleased when I got home to find my wife was satisfied. When it came home, too, she said it fitted me very well, and that I looked ever so much younger. Then she kissed me on the bald patch on my head—to remind me, I suppose, that I'm not so very young.

"It's a pity we're not going into Wales or Scotland," she said, "or you could have worn knickerbockers."

"My dear," I said, "I'm sure I wouldn't. You may tempt me to a blue serge suit, but we must draw the line somewhere. I draw it a long way this side of knickerbockers."

Well, the day came at last that was to take me to Eastcliff. My wife had fixed on Eastcliff because she has an old maiden aunt who lives there. This aunt has promised to do something for the children by and by, and we have hopes that their parents won't be forgotten. The next day was her birthday, and my wife had bought her a small pair of earrings, and I was to be sure not to forget to call and deliver them, with all sorts of messages and inquiries. I had another small piece of business, too: a copy of an agreement had to be sent down from our firm to the leading solicitors at Eastcliff, and as their head clerk was one of my greatest friends—we had been in the same office in London—I readily undertook the commission. I got down too late that night to do more than look at the sea before I went to bed, but the next morning I was out walking on the beach very

early. The sea looked very cold, and I determined to put off my bathe till after breakfast. I was bound to bathe, you see, whether I liked it or not, for my wife had told me that I was to; and when she came down she would be sure to ask me how many dips I had had, and I hold that a man should not tell fibs—not even to his wife. About half-past ten the sea seemed to look a little more comfortable, and I started out to take my first plunge.

Afterward I decided to go and call upon my wife's aunt; just as I started, however, I found out that I hadn't the earrings. They were in a small box like a pill-box, and I had taken my compound colocynth pills instead. I was horrified to think of the scene there would have been had I presented the wrong box; I didn't think I was going to make a still worse mistake. When I went back to my room I saw the agreement which I was to leave with Messrs. Croyland, Harkness & Fillip. So I put it in my pocket, and as I found their office was on my way to the old lady's house, I determined to leave it as I was going there. Accordingly I went to the beach.

Now I always say I am fond of the sea. I like reading sea-tales and poetry about the mighty deep, and can declaim Byron's lines beginning "Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean, roll!" But it always seems to me that the ocean rolls on quite as comfortably when I am on shore, and I enjoy it a great deal better. But though I don't like being on the sea, I like being in it still worse. Sea-bathing is a dreadfully cold, damp, clammy sort of amusement, but quarreling with your wife isn't amusing at all, so I determined to take a plunge. Just as I was getting into the water a man about my size and build got out of the next machine. He walked out gayly into deep water and then swam out to sea. If I could swim like that, I thought, there would be some sense in sea-bathing; but I had to stand about on the beach, which was pebbly and

hurt my feet a good deal. Then a wave broke over me and filled my mouth with water, and I was glad to get back into the machine again and dress myself. I was very quick over my dressing, as I began to be afraid of being late at my aunt's. My boots seemed to be unusually painful; I supposed it was owing to the pebbles on the beach when I had bathed. I gave up the idea of calling on the lawyers, but fortunately I met my old friend Hopkins, the head clerk of Messrs. Croyland & Co., and I gave him the packet I had.

"Are you down here for business or pleasure?" he said. I knew he wanted to chaff—Hopkins was always great at chaff.

"For pleasure chiefly," I answered.

Hopkins is a bachelor, or I would have said, "For my wife's pleasure."

"Ah, I should think so," he said. "How much for the get up?"

Hopkins, like many other people, is often vulgar when he tries to be jocular.

"It fits like ze pa-a-per on ze wa-all," he went on. "Jacobs & Co., I suppose." Then he examined the coat more closely.

"It's very queer," he said; "the cloth is the best serge made, but the fit—why, my dear fellow, your arms are sticking out of it dreadfully."

It was quite true, though I had never noticed before that the sleeves were so short. I am not quick at observation, but it struck me as rather strange that my wife had not remarked it.

However, I arranged to see Hopkins in the evening for a chat over old times, and went on to my aunt's (I know my wife's aunt is not really my aunt, but then what relation is she? I call her my aunt). She wasn't in a very good humor when I called. I don't think elderly maiden ladies are very keen about celebrating their birthdays. They only keep them once in four years, I fancy, and perhaps this wasn't the right year. First my aunt scolded me for being late, then for walk-

ing fast and making myself hot. Then she became amiable again, and said she was glad we were coming down here; she should be so glad to see her niece.

"And your niece's husband, too, aunt, I hope," I said, with an attempt at being pleasant.

"Don't be ridiculous, sir," she replied. "I mean your little girl, of course."

This cool way of skipping a generation was rather too much for me, but I said nothing.

My aunt look at me for a moment. "Mr. Biffin, I don't like your extravagance. A married man ought not to wear expensive flowers in his coat—those must have cost you half-a-crown at the least."

"Expensive flowers, aunt?" I gasped. "I've bought no flowers."

"Then where did you get those, Mr. Biffin?" inquired my aunt, sternly.

I looked, and sure enough there was a button-hole of very choice flowers in my coat. I didn't in the least know how they got there.

"Aunt," I said, "I didn't buy those flowers."

"Don't tell me," she replied. "Who would give you flowers, I wonder?"

I might have found some telling reply to this very uncomplimentary question, but I was so astonished by the presence of the flowers that I could think of nothing to say. I gazed vacantly at the top button of my coat, holding it out in my hand to see it better. There was a painful silence. At last, to make a diversion, I took out my wife's present and handed it to my aunt.

"A little trifle, aunt," I said. "Bertha hopes you will like it." I took out my handkerchief as I said this to wipe away the perspiration which my excitement had caused; a piece of brown paper fell to the ground and fluttered over to where my aunt was sitting. I didn't like to go over and get it, but sat still mopping my face.

"I hope you like Bertha's choice," I said, after a time; "it is so hard to find anything exactly appropriate."

I looked at my aunt; her face had a very queer expression.

"And is this your idea of what is exactly appropriate?" she repeated, in tones of deep irony.

For a moment it flashed upon me that I had brought the compound colocynth pills after all.

"Is this your idea of appropriate?" she repeated, as she held up a wedding-ring.

"Mr. Biffin," she said solemnly, after a little time, "you are not such a fool as to want to give me a wedding-ring. There is some secret here, and you have betrayed yourself."

And my aunt slowly stooped down and picked up the paper at her feet.

"I saw you eying it," she said. It was a telegram. She took it out of the envelope and read it, then looked at me and said, "You villain!"

More astonished than ever, I took it from her hand and read, "Will come by five P. M. train; meet me at station. *Mille baisers*. Clara."

"I know French," said my aunt. "That means 'a thousand kisses,' you villain. And addressed to 'C. Lambert, Poste Restante,' of course. You villain!—and a wedding-ring too! You are going to run away from your dear wife. But I will defend my little niece and her mother, too."

My aunt drew herself up to her full height and looked capable of defending anybody or anything. I gasped out that I was innocent, that I knew nothing of the telegram or the ring. My aunt darted at me and seized a small locket hanging on my watch-chain.

"That's not the locket I gave you on your wedding-day," she screamed. "Open it."

I did so, and inside there was a little braid of hair and the portrait of a lady. My aunt was furious.

"I suppose you will tell me that that's your wife's portrait, and that her hair is dark," she said.

I sat in perfect bewilderment. What had taken place? Had I promised to elope with somebody without knowing it? Then all of a sudden the truth flashed upon me. I understood it all—why the boots hurt me, the short sleeves, the flowers, everything. I had gone into the wrong bathing-machine and dressed in some one else's clothes. It was a blue serge suit, but not mine. It was a long time before I could persuade my aunt of the truth of this, but at last she gave in that I was right.

"Mr. Biffin," she said, "I called you a villain—I was wrong. You are a fool. A man who doesn't know his own clothes isn't fit to be a married man. Why, what mistake will you make next? Go away, and don't forget to bring me Bertha's present when you've managed to find your own coat."

CHAPTER II.

I FELT very unhappy as I left my aunt's. The boots pinched worse than ever, and I wondered how I could ever have thought they were mine. The sleeves seemed shorter too than before; my arms now seemed to stick out in a most ridiculous way. I saw now that Hopkins was right. I went straight back to the bathing place in the hope of finding out something about the man whose clothes I was wearing. I was sure that the man I had seen swimming out to sea was the man I wanted. But the machines were all drawn up on the beach and the men had gone away. I found out the address of one of them and went round to his lodgings. He wasn't at home, but after tracking him about for some time I found him in a low public house. He was a born-and-bred cockney who had come down to Eastcliff to do odd jobs during the season. He was surrounded by a lot of rowdy-looking fellows and was telling them about the very

affair of the change of clothes. "Yes," I heard him say as I entered, "it was one of the downiest tricks I ever heard of, and I've come across a good deal in my time."

"So you 'ave, Bill; 'ear, 'ear," they chorused, approvingly.

"He was got up just like 'im, yer know; just the same kind of togs, watch-chain and everythink."

"I suppose the watch he left behind wasn't worth much," observed one of the listeners.

"Wot do you think?" replied the cockney, contemptuously. "In course it wasn't, no fear of that. But, Lord, you should have heard the other a-cussin' and a-swearin'; seems as how he'd somethink valuable in his pockets. If he comes across that downy card he'll make it 'ot for 'im. But Lord bless you, he's safe again in Whitechapel, 'e is."

I thought I had better come forward here, and I looked as fierce as I could, and sternly asked him if he knew where the man was who had taken my clothes. Instead of answering he burst into a roar of laughter, in which all his friends joined.

"Took *your* clothes," he gasped; "come now, that's a good un, that is."

I believe to this day he thinks that there was what he would call a "plant." I found out, however, that he knew nothing of the whereabouts of the owner of the clothes, and I left the horrid place. I didn't at all know what to do, unless I walked about on the parade and looked out for all the blue serge suits I could find. That is just what I did. With a half-hour's interval for refreshments I did nothing but that till four o'clock in the afternoon. There was no end to blue serge suits. Every third person seemed to be wearing one. But some of the wearers were too tall, a few were too short, some were too fat, and so on. At last I saw a man whose clothes I was sure I could wear if I tried. He was walking very

fast down the parade, and with my tight boots it wasn't pleasant to try to follow him. When I came up with him he was sitting on a bench. I noticed that he was looking about him a good deal, as if he was expecting something. I sat down beside him, but I couldn't think how to broach the subject. It certainly would not do to say, "Sir, are those your own clothes you are wearing?" I thought of, "I see, sir, that you, like me, are wearing a suit of blue serge." But that didn't sound very well, and I hesitated all the more because he looked a very peppery, excitable sort of individual. I could tell that by the ferocious way he looked about him. At last I said very mildly, "Excuse me, sir, but did you take a bathe in the sea this morning?"

"Yes, I did," he replied, "what of it?"

"I only asked," I continued, "because—" But here a young lady came up and touched him on the shoulder.

"I am awfully sorry to be so late, Bertie," she said.

He got up and went away without waiting to hear what I was saying. At first I thought I ought to follow him, for I felt sure I could recognize my own suit. But I didn't like to either; and then it struck me that, if he had been the man, he would have noticed that I was dressed in blue, too. He would have been quite as anxious as I was to get into his own clothes. Then the word "Bertie." I pulled out the telegram; it was addressed to "C. Lambert," and here an idea came to my relief. The telegram said, "Will come by five p. m. train." I would go to the station and wait for the train. Mr. Lambert would be there to keep his appointment, and so I would find him. I was quite proud of this idea, and it was followed by another. "Clara" was, of course, the young lady whose portrait was in the locket I was wearing. I would look out for her, and she, of course, would be looking out for him, and just as they were over

the first ecstasies of meeting I would step up gently and say, "My clothes, sir, if you please." I spent the quarter of an hour I had to wait at the station in looking at "Clara's" portrait so as to be sure I should know her when she came. But she didn't come—at least I didn't see her. I waited in the station till everybody had gone away who had come in by the five P. M. train. I saw no one who resembled at all the young lady of the locket. Just as I was going away a man spoke to me.

"You were expecting some one by this train, sir," he said.

"Well, yes," I said; "that is, I—"

"Will you follow me, sir," he said, with a mysterious air. I hesitated a moment. It was evident he was going to take me to the Clara of the telegram; ought I to go? I thought that this at any rate would bring me into some connection with Mr. Lambert, whoever he was, and so lead to getting back my clothes and my aunt's earrings.

"Lead on," I said. The situation seemed to be getting quite romantic. Here was I, a steady, respectable man of thirty-seven going to keep an appointment with a young and beautiful girl. The only thing was, what would she say when she found that I was the wrong man? She would probably be very much frightened, and I would then say dramatically, "Madam, your secret is safe with me, but, oh! restore me my blue serge suit," which would be quite like a page from an old romance.

My guide led me to a house not far from the station. The housemaid who let us in looked at me, I thought, with unusual interest. I quite understood that. We were shown into the front first-floor parlor, and here my conductor left me.

"Will you wait here a little while, sir," he said, as he went away. I sat down, rather wondering what was going to happen. Would she come in suddenly and throw her arms round my neck, and

then find out that I was the wrong man? I resolved I wouldn't let her make the mistake; then after a little reflection I thought I would not trouble myself about it. It would not matter much if she did take me for her lover for a moment or two. I heard the rustle of a lady's dress, but no one came in. At last the door opened. I waited, but did not feel any arms thrown round my neck, so I turned round. I saw a stout, elderly gentleman, evidently a clergyman or a dissenting minister.

"Sir," I began, for I thought I had better finish off at once.

"Do not address your remarks to me," he replied, solemnly; "I am not Mr. Gregory."

Again the door opened; a lady entered.

"Madam," I said, "I don't know—"

"Sir," she replied, "my brother, Mr. Gregory, will be in directly. You will be good enough to address yourself to him."

"If I might advise this misguided man," said the clergyman, "I would beg him to remember that all is known. No subtleties can avail him."

"My brother is not a man to be trifled with," said the lady.

Before I could reply anything, a tall, stout man came into the room. He was very red and very hot.

"I have locked the front door," he said, "and fastened all the windows and bolted the door at the top of the stairs. He can't escape, anyhow. And now, sir," he added, suddenly turning to me, "we'll see."

He dashed out of the room and returned almost immediately with a large riding-whip.

"You see this," he said. "And you see me." And he lifted the whip menacingly. But the lady intervened.

"Roger," she said, "don't forget to temper your justice with mercy; remember he had a mother, and for his mother's sake—"

I thought, however, it was high time to

“speak for myself. I began, ‘My dear sir, you are under a mistake; the fact is, this morning I took a bathing-machine—’

“Don’t call me your dear sir,” he thundered out before I could finish; “and don’t talk to me of bathing-machines; answer my questions simply—yes or no, or—” And he shook the riding-whip in a very significant manner.

“Let me question him,” said the clergyman. “Remember to answer directly, sir, without prevarication; it will not avail you. You came down from town last night?”

“Yes, I did,” I said, “I regret to say. I had much better have stopped there. You are all under a mistake, evidently. In the bathing-machine—”

“Don’t talk to us of bathing-machines,” roared the old gentleman; “answer the questions put to you.”

“And you were at the station at five o’clock to-night, I think,” continued the clergyman; “you will hardly deny that?”

“No,” I said; “I was there, but I went there—”

“Never mind what you went there for,” roared Mr. Gregory again; “we know all about that.”

“Too well, alas!” said the lady. “Poor Clara, unhappy, misguided child!”

“You’re wrong,” I said; “I never saw the young lady in my life.” Here Mr. Gregory interrupted me with a shout, and his sister murmured faintly something about a locket.

“Open the locket you have on your chain,” roared the irascible old gentleman; “will you deny that that is my niece’s portrait?”

“I know nothing about your niece,” I said, for I retained all my presence of mind. “I hope the young lady is all right. Permit me to explain. In the bathing-machine—”

But the word “bathing-machine” exasperated the old gentleman dreadfully. He said he hadn’t come there to talk of

bathing-machines, and he couldn’t hear them mentioned in such a connection.

“I’m not wearing my own clothes,” I began again.

“Is the man mad?” he burst out. “What do I care about your clothes? What—” Then he seemed to check himself a little.

“Let us come to the point. There is one question I will ask; be careful to answer it truthfully. I shall test the truth of your statement. I pass over the deliberate untruth you uttered just now. When you came down here, did you come prepared to marry my niece—to marry her, I say?”

“Come down here to marry your niece?” I replied. “I did nothing of the sort—why, I have a wife and two children.”

The lady rose here, and said she couldn’t stop any longer in the same room with such a disgrace to his species. Not even for my mother’s sake ought I to be protected any longer. Mr. Gregory grasped the riding-whip, and the clergyman said he would rather not be present at the scene that was about to take place. He hoped Mr. Gregory would not be too violent, that was all.

Mr. Gregory waited till they had left the room and then walked slowly toward me, his face purple with rage. I don’t know what would have taken place, but just at this moment there came a furious peal at the street-door bell. It had rung twice before, but Mr. Gregory had given orders that the door was not to be opened. Now the housemaid came up to know what she was to do. Mr. Gregory looked out of the window.

“You must go to the door,” he said, but tell the young man, whoever he is, that I am engaged, very particularly engaged; he might call again in half an hour. I daresay I shall have finished by then.” And he looked darkly at me. The housemaid went away.

“And now, sir,” said Mr. Gregory,

"perhaps you will answer one question I have to ask, and no subterfuges—no reference to bathing-machines." And he brandished the whip menacingly.

I thought of Themistocles and his "Strike, but hear me," though "Don't strike, but hear me," expressed my sentiments much more accurately. I don't believe, however, I should have got out a word of explanation in time if I had not been again saved by somebody coming into the room. It was a young lady, evidently the "Clara" of the locket. She had been crying a good deal, and her eyes were much swollen, but I could see that she was very pretty, and her manner was quite calm and collected. She spoke to Mr. Gregory.

"What is this, uncle?" she said. "They tell me that Charlie is in the house." Again there came a furious peal at the bell.

"Confound that girl! why doesn't she open the door?" interposed Mr. Gregory.

"You have the key in your pocket," replied his sister, who now with the clergyman returned to the room.

"Come away from here, Clara, I insist," she went on; "this is no place for you. He has confessed his villainy."

"He is a married man with four children," said the clergyman, solemnly.

"Two children," corrected the lady.

"And who is a married man with four children?" said the young lady, calmly.

"Unhappy girl," murmured the other. "I shudder to think of what might have happened."

"Down on your knees and confess your villainy, villain," roared the old gentleman. But the young lady burst out laughing.

"You don't think," she said, "that you've got Charlie Lambert there. Why, Charlie is as different as possible—Charlie is good-looking. You can't think I'm in love with that man. Why, he has red hair and—"

"Excuse me, ladies and gentlemen," said

I, interposing, "but I think I'll withdraw. I have had quite enough of this. I've been insulted all round. If you won't hear me, at least let me go away."

Here the door opened and a young man rushed into the room.

"Clara!" he said. There was no need to ask who he was.

"You'll remember," I said, after a time, "that that is my coat you are wearing. Don't crumple it too much."

The three others looked on astonished, but Clara Gregory quite coolly introduces Mr. Charles Lambert to all of them.

"And who," said the elder lady, "who is this man with the wife and two children, and what is he doing here?"

Now I felt it was my turn to have an innings, and I explained the whole affair. The old gentleman gave a sort of howl when I mentioned the bathing-machine, otherwise I was listened to.

Then I and Mr. Lambert adjourned to a bedroom to change our clothes. He wasn't very amiable at first, remarking that anybody might have told the difference between the two suits, his being made by Poole, and mine being, he said, a very inferior article. However, he told me about the business which had brought him to Eastcliff. He had been engaged to his Clara for nearly a year. Clara was an orphan, and her uncle and aunt were her nearest relatives. They had recently returned to England from Australia and taken upon themselves the care of their niece. The uncle was for some reason very suspicious of him—had refused to see him, had refused to recognize the engagement or to let Clara correspond with him. They had not had much difficulty in evading his commands as to correspondence, and they had arranged a plan of flight. But this had become known to Mr. Gregory; he had come to Eastcliff himself, bringing his niece by an earlier train than the one appointed. A telegram from Clara's maid had informed him later on in the day of the change of

movement and so he had not gone to the station.

When we got back to the other room a general reconciliation took place. They apologized to me for having called me a villain, and so on, and said they were pleased to make my acquaintance. They laughed when I told them what had happened to the wedding-ring.

"But what have you done with the marriage license, the special license?" said Mr. Lambert, suddenly.

"Good heavens?" I said, "I must have given it to Hopkins, thinking it was the agreement." I shuddered to think of the jokes he would cut at my expense and that the story would reach my office in London, too. In fact, when I got back to the

hotel I found the license there, sent back with a very facetious note from Hopkins, wishing me happiness in my second matrimonial venture, and so on. I won't give the letter; Hopkins isn't really so funny as he thinks he is.

The next day Mr. Lambert called at my hotel. He said that Uncle Gregory had given his consent, and he would trouble me for the special license. And would I come to the wedding, which was to be a very quiet one? I went, and wore my blue serge suit—the right one, though, this time. And in the evening my wife came down and I told her all about it. And she says that next summer I must buy a plaid, and that she was never in favor of my having a blue serge suit.

ROBERT SHINDLER.

AN HONEST CHRONICLER.

"An honest tale speeds best being plainly told."—*Richard III.*

THE view from my parlor windows during a rain is not one to engender idleness, nevertheless, Kate Mercer, who had kindly come to spend the morning with me and had made my broad, old-fashioned window-seat gay with small heaps of bright-colored silks, kept a vigilant eye upon every passer-by, and especially upon the few vehicles.

"There is Sidney Reardon," she said. "She ought not to be out in the rain, for the doctor considers her far from strong. If her mother had a grain of sense, she would see that the girl needs rest, but she keeps her in a perpetual whirl."

"She naturally looks for giddiness in a light-headed woman. To be the mother of an heiress would have turned Lucy Reardon's brain, if she had any. As it is, Sid-

ney and the dear grandmother are the sufferers, and—"

Sidney saw me at the window and came in, so my sentence remained unfinished. Kate began at once a lecture on prudence, which was an unwise interference with her husband's practice, since colds are about all the illnesses we have in the spring, and then we fell into a pleasant, cozy chat. Kate is always entertaining, but I thought she failed to interest Sidney, who seemed restless, and anxious for the shower to be over. Kate suddenly broke in upon one of her own merry narrations and began to carelessly bundle up the silks she had been so particular to lay in order on the window-seat.

"There is the doctor," she said, as a vehicle passed.

"Let him bide a bit," I proposed.

"Poor man! he has been driving miles.

A country doctor's life is that of a dog," said Kate, warmly.

"Our own lot is always the hardest one," I said, sententiously.

But Kate had gone in a flash, and I thought Sidney was glad to be alone with me.

"How it rains," she said, pettfully.

"A clearing-up shower. Content yourself, for in ten minutes the rain will be over."

"Then, dear Miss Alethea, will you not go home with me? This is one of grandmother's bad days. An anniversary, perhaps. Mother has been urging me to go to New York on a visit," she added.

"An anniversary?" I repeated.

I am rather strong on that point. Not that I think it a desirable gift, but rather to the contrary. Depend upon it, the person who cannot date a letter without inquiring the day of the month, is much happier in his ignorance.

"It is not your grandfather's death, for then we had a great snow-storm," I said, reflectively.

"Could it be Uncle Sidney?"

"That is just it. I remember it was a day like this, and your grandmother, in great dismay, sent for me."

"What was it all about? I never could understand it."

"No wonder, for there was much more—not fuss, but covering-up—than there ought to have been. Your grandfather was absurdly punctilious, and besides, he was Judge."

"But what did Uncle Sidney do, that was so dreadful?"

"It was partly a frolic, partly a young man's idea of justice, and your grandfather took it far too seriously. Your grandmother was much wiser, and it would have been better if her advice had been followed."

"Dear grandmother!" said Sidney, softly; "still, dear Miss Alethea, I do not understand all the trouble."

"And I am not sure that I can explain it. It was somewhat in this way: A young

man who was a favorite of your uncle's and of his set, got into some trouble—in fact, was convicted of stealing, though the evidence did not convince every one, and our old-fashioned English laws are very hard in some cases. There was a good deal of indignation felt and expressed, and Sidney felt it all the more because his father was on the bench. But before the sentence was carried out the prisoner made his escape. You can fancy the excitement. Then three of our most promising young men suddenly left home."

"And Uncle Sidney?"

"I always understood that he went to Texas, and was a successful planter, though under an assumed name. Your grandfather never mentioned him, though they kept up a regular intercourse. Then came the Judge's sudden death, and your grandmother lost all trace of Sidney. It was all the harder for her, since the map, from whom all the trouble came, was found to be guiltless of the theft, and Sidney's two accomplices have returned home, and laugh over their boyish escapade, then your father died, and you and your mother came. You can understand what a gap you have to fill."

"And to-day grandmother is living over the sad old days. Dear Miss Alethea, it is not raining now, will you not come home with me?"

The Reardon mansion is on the river-front—a substantial, two-storied, double brick house with dormer windows, built as if it meant to stay until the judgment day, no matter how long deferred. The house is in the Louis XVI style—a white railing embellished with brass ornamenting the roof, and an iron balcony over the front door. The grounds are extensive, stretching to the street behind, and on the side. The garden on the side is covered by a row of noble lindens, where, when they are in blossom, the bees buzz and boom blind drunk with nectar. And just across the street, the

Delaware sweeps in or empties out her mighty tide twice daily.

I would not mention the house so particularly if something had not occurred that day. For as I stopped under the lindens, listening to the bees, a stranger passed. Now a stranger is always remarked upon with us, and this one was evidently in search of something. He raised his hat as he passed us, hesitated, and then turned and came back. Sidney had run up the high, granite steps that encroach most unwarrantably upon the sidewalk.

"I beg your pardon," he said. "But is this Judge Reardon's residence?"

"It was his," I said, with emphasis.

"Ah, how much that explains! Has the affliction been very recent? Would it be bold in me to ask an interview with Madame Reardon?"

"Very bold if you pain or intrude upon her unnecessarily," I answered, sharply.

Sidney stood high above our heads, listening to us. Perhaps she thought any diversion would be good for her grandmother, for she called down to me, "Please, Miss Alethea, bring the gentleman in."

There was nothing to do but to obey, so we all three went into the hall, the glass door of which, on the other side, stood open, and let in, not only a flood of sunshine, but a sight of the garden, full just then of spring's loveliest greens, while the ground was as blue as the sky above with periwinkle.

"Ah!" said the stranger, "is the old pear-tree in blossom?"

I stared at him in surprise, but then the tree is a hundred and fifty years old, so had a right to be famous. I wondered though, why he thought of it, when Sidney, who to my old eyes is the very fairest of all blossoms, stood there. She did not let us tarry in the hall, but led the way into the parlor.

"Whom shall I tell grandmother?" she asked, in some confusion.

VOL. LVIII.—24.

"Will you kindly say it is—it is Mr. Gray, and yet the name will convey no hurt. If she will only see me, only let me explain to her."

"Say only that there is a visitor," I said to Sidney. "There she is in the garden."

I could see her among her flowers, giving directions to the gardener, a handkerchief loosely thrown over her cap. Sidney did not hurry her, perhaps she feared to alarm her.

As for the stranger, he seemed bitten with the spirit of restlessness, and kept moving about the rooms, examining everything—the high old-fashioned mantels with their elaborate carvings particularly pleased him. I was amused to see him measure their height by reaching up to them. He was a tall man, but he barely managed to put his hand on the top of them, yet he was evidently disappointed, for he said: "I thought they were much higher, and the rooms are by no means immense. I suppose things are always enlarged to young eyes."

"Why are you looking for Venus?" I asked, bluntly, not having time for adroit cross-questions, whilst he examined the mantels.

"Is it not what one is to expect in a house like this? Now everything is Jap, and the mythological figures are thought stuff. There are a great many interesting old French homes with us on the coast, and some Spanish ones."

I knew he was talking at random, and what really interested him was Sidney and her grandmother, who were coming toward the open window. Mrs. Reardon had a basket of lilacs and gelder-roses. I think the old-time name of snow-ball more suggestive, for there is nothing of the rose about them. Either exercise or the dampness in the air had brought a delicate pink flush into the dear old face, which reminded one of a blush.

As soon as she saw me she came forward quickly. "Ah, this is kind of you!" she said, heartily.

Then she turned with an inquiring, almost wistful look to her visitor. Who was he? What could he want? Poor lady! her thoughts were so full of the past, anything a little out of the way she thought must belong to it.

He came forward at once without embarrassment. He had taken a card from his pocket. Mrs. Reardon took it but did not look at it but laid it on a table near her.

"It is the penalty of years," she said; "Sidney's eyes are sharper. But will you not tell me how I may serve you?"

She made us all sit down, and asked her guest courteous little questions of his journey. He seemed to her to have come an immense distance, and perhaps she forgot the modern facilities of traveling. Sidney stood at a table arranging the flowers in a bowl. I think her real object was to be near her grandmother, who seemed to feel her presence, and constantly referred to her. It was when she again called her by her name that her visitor said:

"It is a very beautiful name to me, but I do not associate it with a woman."

"I was called after my uncle," Sidney said, quickly.

Mrs. Reardon's breath came almost in a sob:

"Did you know Sidney Reardon? Can you tell me anything of him?" she asked, for she could no longer keep back the questions.

"He was my father, and his last command was that I should go to his mother."

I wondered if Mrs. Reardon noticed that he spoke in the past tense, but she only said:

"And so you have come to your father's old home?"

"And he has told me so much, I could not fail to recognize it. But it was only very lately that he spoke. Not until he knew that he would never come himself. I think he was jealous of any love for it,

or he may have been bound by a promise. Yes, if you question me, I can tell you many things; some things of the Judge, his father, but a great deal more of the dear mother."

Sidney left the flowers and stood nearer her grandmother.

"But why were you sent? why did not Sidney come himself? But I forget. He does not know that now there is no reason why he should stay away. He—"

"Do you think that he would have sent me if he could possibly have come? But how shall I tell you? For me it is only living over again a great sorrow, but for you it is a fresh grief. Will you pardon me for bringing you sad news? That I come to you alone because I have no father?"

Sidney and I exchanged frightened glances, but dear Mrs. Reardon was quite calm. The long years that had robbed her of Sidney were so like death that now, that it had actually come, she did not recognize the difference, but only said:

"Tell me everything."

After all the story was a very simple one. Sidney Reardon had taken another name, preferring an English one, had bought a sugar plantation on the confines of Texas, and marrying a Creole, had fallen into the life led by his wife's family. He had only the one child, and even he was not taken into his confidence until an incurable disease made his own return home impossible. Then came the blank when no tidings came and when he guessed, but would not believe, that death had cut off the communication. He had promised his father to write only through him, and he would not believe, or rather make certain, that the Judge was dead. But the promise did not include his son, and to go to the old home and the dear, and also to resume the old name, Sidney thought was a better legacy to leave his boy than the plantation.

So three of us at least sat and listened far into the May morning, which, like our-

selves, was half sunshine, half clouds, when we were suddenly brought back to the every-day world and life by the appearance at the open window through which Mrs. Reardon had come, of an exceedingly well-dressed—stylish is, I suppose, the word—lady.

I do not know why we should have been startled, much less surprised to see Lucy Reardon standing there, carelessly buttoning her gloves, in the most ravishing of French bonnets. Pretty bonnets was Lucy's strong point. She was not one who care to go quietly through life, but usual made a little stir, yet I do not think we were so engrossed with our visitor that we failed to hear the smote of her silk dress over the pavement. To be sure, a judicious holding up of her skirts above all possible contact with the ground, would account for there being no sound; and Lucy was capable of being careful on an occasion. And though she stood there entirely devoid of vulgar curiosity, I had a shrewd suspicion that she had overheard everything, and furthermore, had decided upon her own course of action.

Dear Mrs. Reardon was the first to recover herself, though she had the manner of one who had been away and had, unexpectedly to herself, returned.

"This is Mrs. Francis Reardon," she said, and for lack of knowing the young man's Christian name, she hesitated, then said, "my grandson."

I was glad to detect a sudden lifting of her head and a little stubborn droop of the corners of the kind old mouth, for if there was a battle to be waged I wanted my old friend to be ready for it, and why should she not be brave for Sidney's son? Certainly the young man had scored a point in this undoubted recognition of kinship.

Lucy's tact was excellent, which made me only the more sure that she was not taken by surprise. She was a trifle too cordial for it to be genuine, and yet I thought she gave herself a loop-hole for

escape by throwing the whole responsibility upon Mrs. Reardon.

"Such a charming surprise, for we never heard of your father's marriage. The Judge was so reticent. But of course you, dear Mrs. Reardon, knew of it, only how could you manage to keep the secret?"

Yet I think we all were very sure that the old lady, who sat absently patting the back of her own small white hand, was as much out of the secret as the rest of us, and that she was as much surprised. Why the Judge had told her nothing of her son's marriage is a mystery never to be solved. But he was strangely silent where Sidney was concerned, and never forgave the insult he considered offered to his high position. For Sidney had not only broken the law of which he was the special guardian, but he had condemned the justice of the Judge's sentence.

Soon we fell from our highly excited state into the quiet proprieties of a morning visit, the journey from New Orleans being a sage topic. I was very sure that Lucy could not always keep such a strict guard upon herself, and would give a hint of the game she designed to play.

"It was so kind in you to come," she said, in her suave voice. "Yet I cannot help feeling a little sorry for my Sidney."

"For me, mamma!" exclaimed Sidney, in dismay.

"Yes, it is selfish in me, no doubt, but a mother is always selfish where her child is concerned," said Lucy, plaintively. "It is pleasant to find a cousin, but can you come down gracefully from the high pedestal you have so long stood on? And it will be none the more easy because it has not been your fault; you never made yourself your grandfather's heir," she added, coarsely, tripping on her high stilts.

"O mother!" exclaimed Sidney, in evident pain.

Not at her possible loss, dear child, but at his difference in the situation, and that her own mother should be the first to

mention it. Here was no longer Sidney Reardon's son in search of his kinsfolk, but a young man with a money interest to look out for, for if Judge Reardon had a grandson our Sidney was not his only heir, and would at her grandmother's death have to share the inheritance. And Lucy Reardon, as she opened our blind, romantic eyes, looked so sweetly unconcerned, so like a lily of the field, tricked out in the finery she seemed born to wear with only the toil of putting it all on, but a small amount of labor in these days of furbelows.

"Madame," said the young stranger, turning to dear Mrs. Reardon, with grave courtesy, "I came these many miles to find my father's mother, hoping from her a kindly recognition, and I have been more fortunate than I dared hope. Now I will return home in perfect content, looking for nothing more."

And I believe he honestly intended to do just as he said, and Sidney, too, must have had faith in him or she would not have looked up from her flowers with so much pity in her pretty eyes.

"But you will be in no haste to leave," said Lucy Reardon, blandly, before dear Mrs. Reardon could speak. "It must be fearfully hot with you in summer, and here we profess to have the sea-breeze. I have met a great many persons from Texas at the Springs, but never one of our name," she added, reflectively.

Ah, my dear lady, did I not see you read surreptitiously the card laid upon the table? I wondered if Sidney had also detected her, but if she did she made no sign.

"I think with you the name is uncommon with us, at least I have never heard it. My father was known as Mr. Gray, whilst my mother was of the La Roche family."

"It must have been a difficult life for poor Sidney, who was always absurdly frank," Lucy said, plaintively.

I do not think any of us quite took in

why dear Mrs. Reardon was so quietly apathetic. If the young man's tale was a true one, it was scarcely to be expected that she could give him the rapturous greeting she had so long kept back for her own seeming prodigal. If it were true? After all hers was only a little longer waiting for a meeting she had long since given up expecting on this side of the grave. This thought had taken such possession of her she forgot that if Sidney were alive there need be no more separation for them.

Our Sidney made a few efforts to be friendly and cordial, but was immediately silenced by her mother, who evidently intended to take the reins in her own hands, and drive the family at her own pace. And as for myself, I don't think it was perversity on my part, though I would dearly have liked to stop Lucy Reardon's little game with a triumphant checkmate.

Though I had taken a fancy to this young man, and believed in his story, I confess I could not find in him a trace of my old friend Sidney, nor of any of the family. The La Roche blood must have had strong tendencies to have swallowed up so effectually every trace of the robust Reardon's, not to mention dear Mrs. Reardon's race peculiarities. There is usually some strongly marked feature, expression, or trick in manner, that is as sure a proof of consanguinity as the family Bible, yet in this case there was not the most remote hint, there was nothing in the least familiar about him. Nevertheless, as I said, I believed in him, and intended to befriend him, though in my own way, which just then was not to antagonize Lucy Reardon.

I was glad when he rose to leave. In his keen disappointment and disgust, it was his determination to say a final good-bye, and leave in the next train. But though Mrs. Reardon did not ask him to be her guest, she appointed an hour next day to see him, with an absoluteness only

a queen or an old lady can assume with grace. When he was gone she went back to the garden, and would have driven old Joe, the gardener, into despair with the havoc she would have made if Sidney had not gone to the rescue.

For myself, after the first shock of seeing Sidney's son leave the old home as a stranger might have done, I resigned myself to listen to Lucy Reardon's well-turned platitudes.

"One has so many difficulties when one has an only child to take care of," she complained. "But a mother's love is so strong, you know" (stronger than love of self? I wondered). "After all, you have made the wisest choice, Alethea; though it is not every one who has the nerve, or perhaps the chance to do so."

I was weak enough to feel the desire to say that I might have married Francis Reardon if I had chosen to, but luckily I held my tongue.

"For my part," she added, with matronly munificence, "I believe every woman can marry if she pleases. There is always wood enough in the pile," she added, coarsely, "if one does not mind a little crookedness. But don't you think dear Mrs. Reardon is dying very fast?"

"No," I said, "I never saw her looking better."

"Yes, in health, but I mean her mind. Did you notice that she scarcely noticed this stranger? Though she may have thought it less awkward for the future if she said nothing. Now, my Sidney is so absurdly romantic, she would think it delightful to pick up a cousin out of the mud, though at the cost of half of her fortune. You see, her grandmother has only a life-interest in the property, the Judge's will being that at her death everything is to be equally divided among his grandchildren. Oh! you needn't tell me," she added, throwing back her head, defyingly, "I know every word of that will as well, if not much better, than I do—"

"Your prayers," I said, under my breath.

"Than what did you say? Well, not my name, perhaps, but as well as I do the alphabet. But was it not strange that the Judge should have mentioned grandchildren when there was no one else but Sidney? Francis died two years before his father. If any one, on the strength of this, should claim relationship they will have to prove it by law, for that is the one thing I will make a fight for."

I thought she spoke with an intention, for she did not often detain me to talk with. But what influence did she expect me to have with this new relation?

It being late, I took a short cut (I have a tendency to make short cuts, not because I dislike exercise, but I dislike straight, conventional roads, where you see the end from the beginning), so being, as I said, late, I saved myself a couple of squares by going home through a short but roughly cobbled alley, indeed, so very rough it is but very little used, and then crossed "the green," opposite which is my own humble abode.

Passing the churchyard I discovered on the other side of the low brick wall a hat, conspicuously black, among the white gravestones and which I once decided belonged to Sidney Reardon's apocryphal son, who, having nothing better to do, was studying the virtues of his ancestors as portrayed in their epitaphs. So I took pity on this youthful Hervey meditating among the tombs and asked him home to lunch with me.

And I was well repaid for my small bit of hospitality, for I had not only a pleasant half hour over what would have been my lonely outlet, but I also made a lifelong friend of Sidney Reardon's son. Besides, I heard some pleasant little items of his life at home, and of his father—items to be recounted afterward to dear Mrs. Reardon, when we two spent a quiet evening together.

• Lucy Reardon was right when she said

Texas was not the latitude to spend the dog-days in, though not wise perhaps in proffering the information that we profess to have the sea-breeze. But whether it was the climate, dear Mrs. Reardon's pleasant petting, or Sidney's charms, or perhaps it was all these combined, the young man, who came so near leaving us in a huff, dilly-dallied in our midst all summer, making himself at home at my house as his father had done before him. Poor Lucy Reardon went almost mad with anxiety, and I did nothing to comfort her.

"I tell you," she said one night, when the brilliant harvest moon was making a golden path of glory across the whole river from the level Jersey shore, and some unreasonable fears had sent her forth as a spy, and the upshot was, she had come upon two lovers strolling by the river, "I will expose this young man as a fraud, and that is all about it. Old Mrs. Reardon is in her dotage, and if she chooses to take a grandson on trust she

may, but my child shall not be defrauded of a penny, much less of half her fortune by a swindler, if there is any law in the land."

"Think a moment," I said, blandly. "What will you gain by a law-suit? Many gray hairs, a depleted purse, and perhaps a defeat, for law and equity are not synonymous. Whereas if the young people have their way there need be no division of property. Why, a sugar plantation unincumbered is a dominion in itself."

The truth of my argument was so apparent I could not take much credit to myself in turning Lucy Reardon from the error of her ways. Neither do I consider myself a match-maker, or peculiarly apt in staving off a law-suit, which would have worried my dear old friend into her grave, for I am very well persuaded that the law of love would have governed in the end, and the dear grandmother is pleased to have it so.

EMILY READ.

LITTLE LIDDY GIVES UP WHILE AUNT LIDDY SOLVES THE PROBLEM.

SOME people say it is a mistake to burden the little human stranger with a name borne already by a member of the household, that it takes away from the new-comer's individuality, making it a part of the flattered relative. But the people who say this did not know Aunt Liddy and little Liddy Pinkham. Never were characters more widely different; never such a dissimilarity of features and forms. It was given out as a fact that Aunt Liddy's brain could hold but one idea at a time, while little Liddy's could hold half a hundred; that Aunt Liddy, even when she was a girl, had never been known to "give up" at the various games, though the impatient puzzler was longing to tell; whereas little Liddy always refused a second guess at the most difficult riddle.

"I don't give up; I'll think it over," Aunt Liddy would say, and, in true Pinkham fashion, she *would* think it over and sooner or later arrive at some definite conclusion, and to this conclusion, correct or erroneous, she would pertinaciously cling.

"I give up," little Liddy would declare, and insist upon being told the secret immediately; hence you may know little Liddy was much more popular in her day of games and riddles than Aunt Liddy had been in hers. The former was impulsive and vehement; the latter deliberate and calm. Aunt Liddy was little and thin and weatherbeaten, with black eyes that serenely looked you through and through. Tall, and slightly inclined to be robust, with a delicate peach-blown com-

plexion, defying wind and weather, with honest gray eyes, grave or gay as the occasion called for, such was little Liddy.

The cottage where they lived a passer-by might call a perfect dream of a home, though the expression would have set little Liddy laughing and shaking her dark-brown curls, for she couldn't imagine a dream of a home would admit of the back yard and the chickens. These chickens were Aunt Liddy's pride and joy, and little Liddy's everlasting enemies, for whenever they could they found their way to the flower-beds to scratch up the pink carnations and flew over the garden palings to take their pick of the ripest strawberries.

If little Liddy Pinkham had had her way she would have lived an idealic life among flowers, birds, and sunshine, a romantic sort of life which would certainly have done her no good—not having her way, she walked bravely along in the work-a-day world, taught the unpoetical alphabet to stupid children, overlooked imperfect examples in arithmetic, and examined misspelt compositions—all this at the teacher's desk in the district school-house.

People said that Liddy Pinkham wore short hair because she was inclined to be literary. Aunt Liddy said she wore it to be obstinate and different from other girls. Little Liddy laughed at the first and looked saucy at the second, and continued to have her locks clipped, for the simple reason that it was both comfortable and becoming.

But Liddy Pinkham *was* literary.

There were no less than twenty poems in her scrap-book signed with the initials which at that period of her life were still the dearest initials in the world to her, namely, her own. There were two five-dollar notes in her bureau drawer that had plunged her into the seventh heaven of delight, after which encouragement Miss Liddy had courageously stepped into the region of prose. It is at this time our story opens.

The cool breezes of a May morning blew over the hillsides as Liddy hurried along in the direction of the hollow school. There was a pleased expression on her slightly parted lips, an unusual brightness in her gray eyes.

"Good morning, Miss Liddy."

She raised her head and swept the speaker a glance from under her long lashes, nodded a little coolly and hurried on. She had entered a wider world, beyond the ken of ordinary mortals, and she did not like it at all that her whilom lover should thus unceremoniously break in upon her reverie.

"Why are you in such a desperate hurry? haven't you even time to look at the meadow violets I've brought you?"

She stood still a minute then and took the little blue flowers from him and bowed her blushing face over their dewy petals. He was confusing her worlds wonderfully, and somehow she wished he wouldn't do it.

"I'll be late, Dr. Ross," she said, suddenly, "and considering how I scold the children if they're two minutes behind hand I must never let it happen again."

"Then you have been late?" he asked, with an amused smile.

"Only once," she said, and shrugged her shoulders and laughed. "And I never could discover which one of my naughty pupils it was who called out in a stage-whisper: 'Little Liddy overslept herself.'"

At this the young doctor fairly roared.

"I hope you thrashed the lot of them," he said.

"If I didn't, you may be sure it wasn't because I didn't feel like it. Good morning."

The next instant she was half way down the hill in the midst of a crowd of her girls and boys, and the eyes of Dr. Ross looked after her with a half smiling, half anxious expression.

"None of the old Pinkham stock there," he said, and turned away.

That was the day Miss Liddy stood Johnny Smith in the corner and forgot about him until school was out, that she hurried over the lessons in the most unreasonable manner and then sat and watched the clock and thought it must certainly be slow.

Ten minutes past four the fair school-mistress rushed into the passer-by's dream of a home, sank down on the floor by Aunt Liddy and clasped her hands around the old lady's knee.

"Aunt Liddy," she said, "tell me something more about my mother."

"The way you do jump at a body, child," gasped Aunt Liddy, and put down her knitting and wiped her spectacles before she went on. "If you want to know what your mother looked like all you've got to do is to go to the glass, only she had the sense to wear her hair on top of her head as other folks do."

"But she wrote stories; tell me about that."

"Yes, she wrote stories," said Aunt Liddy, slowly and sadly. "She said she'd die off here if she didn't scribble, as she called it, and John he didn't like it. John Pinkham ought never to have married Mary Wild."

"A literary woman oughtn't to marry?" As the girl asked this she looked up earnestly into Aunt Liddy's face. "My mother would have been a happier woman, if she had never married."

"She worshiped the very ground he walked on," said Aunt Liddy, hoarsely.

"but John Pinkham oughtn't to have persuaded her—she wasn't fitted to be a miller's wife."

The girl let her hands fall loosely from the old lady's knee.

"I'm like my mother in some ways," she said, "but I'll never make the mistake of marrying. Did I tell you what the editor of *Sunbeam* says of my story?"

"No; I saw that you got it back."

"Yes, I got it back, but he says I have talent. My style is very pleasing. He says he thinks I can suit him if I will conform to the requirements of the paper. He does not wish any love and very little dialect. He must have stories a certain length and ones that will illustrate. I could scarcely teach school, Aunt Liddy, I was in such a state." She turned and clasped her hands behind her head. "Won't it be *grand*?" she cried. "We'll have a little servant to wait on us, not too little, for she must do all the work, and you and I'll live like queens."

"Do hush, Liddy Pinkham, you'd better make us comfortable in an easier way than that."

"How?"

"By saying yes to Dr. Ross."

But little Liddy only tossed her curls. That night she wrote a story, and the next night she wrote another, and the next a third. Had the girl's mother been alive, how she would have laughed and cried over Liddy's stories, but Aunt Liddy, being a Pinkham, waited to laugh and cry over the pay.

What visions floated through our heroine's brain as she sat at her desk the morning she sent off her manuscripts. The school children had never known her to be in a gayer humor. Tommy Hill said afterward that he believed if any one had called her "little Liddy" to her face she would have laughed, but Tommy hadn't tried it.

While she waited for her "news" she was smiling and gracious to all her little world with one exception. Since her de-

termination to be like her mother only in the story-telling line she had kept Dr. Ross at a distance, vouchsafed him the breeziest nods imaginable, audaciously sent Aunt Liddy in to entertain him when he called at the cottage.

Then the "news" came and she almost cried as she opened the bulky envelope with just the same number of stamps it bore when it went away.

"He had no right to put notions in your head," said Aunt Liddy, gravely. "Do what I tell you, child, give it up before you marry; if your mother had only done that."

But Liddy was eagerly poring over the scrap of writing in her hand.

"He says my stories exhibit marked genius," she cried, all a-glow with pleasurable emotion, "marked genius and invention, though they are not suitable for *Sunbeam*. He says the little ones want a story, *something* to happen either horrible or amusing, that they would not appreciate my *delicate character drawing*. O Aunt Liddy! I'm pleased to death."

Aunt Liddy glanced significantly at the returned manuscripts.

"Well, it would take more than that to please *me*."

"But he still thinks I can suit him. He says: 'I hope these hints will help you.'" Little Liddy sank down in the depths of the chintz-covered sofa. "I see exactly what he means. He's the kindest man I ever heard of. I'll be *sure* to please him with the story I intend to write to-night."

The next morning, proudly triumphant, she walked into the village and mailed her manuscripts bearing the title, "Pat and the Cat."

"We'll buy a new Brussels carpet for the parlor after awhile, Aunt Liddy," she said one evening, as they sat in the lamplight of the little sitting-room. "And I'll never have to look over a school-book again, thank heavens!"

"Maybe he'll send it back."

Little Liddy gave a gasp.

"Don't mention anything so horrible. I'm positive he won't—he has kept it longer than any of the others. And if he takes this I can write him ever so many more—they are crowding my brain."

One thought only was crowding Aunt Liddy's—"Suppose he sends it back."

Even little Liddy couldn't desire the new Brussels carpet more than she.

During the prolonged interval of waiting, still in imagination, the young authoress filled the cottage with luxurious comforts, piled them in such extravagant profusion around her black-eyed aunt, that at last the little old lady rebelled and cried out that things were to remain as they were and she wished Liddy would quit fooling. And during the prolonged interval of waiting the barrier of coolness between the late miller's daughter and the village doctor was becoming as cold as a block of ice.

Little Liddy came in one day with deeper roses than usual in her cheeks, and flung her school books down with a bang, and leaning her curly head on the disordered heap burst into tears. If Aunt Liddy had not known little Liddy's mother she would have been greatly disturbed, but having known her mother, she just patted the short curls and said, soothingly:

"Did you get it back?"

"After keeping it two weeks," sobbed Liddy, "and I was so sure."

"Nothing's sure in this world," said her aunt, solemnly, "and, indeed, Liddy, it's sinful in you to go on like this."

"All my life I'll have to teach school," said Liddy, bitterly, "*years and years and years*. I wonder what he says this time." Oh! the scorn in her gray eyes, oh! the scorn peeping from the corners of her sarcastically curled lips.

"*Not a word*." Oh! the indignation in little Liddy's voice. "Not a word. You and I'll never be queens in this world, Aunt Liddy."

"*Not a word*," repeated Aunt Liddy, and looked as if she would like to have called the miserable editor out.

Little Liddy glanced down at the closely written sheets, she had felt so sure; then she started and held them to her eyes, and walked quickly to the window to get all the light she could.

"Do you know, Aunt Liddy," she said, wonderingly, "he was *going* to take it. He corrected it all the way through."

"What did he send it back for then?" demanded the justly angered lady. Never before had she been so interested in a literary production.

"What *does* he mean?" Little Liddy looked off the paper with puzzled eyes. "He seems to object to Pat being a mulatto. You remember Pat, Aunt Liddy, who used to work at the mill?"

"He *was* a mulatto," declared the old lady, with unwonted vehemence.

"Of course he was. Well, everywhere I have mulatto he has scratched it out, and put boy. And on the last page he wrote: 'To complete the story it is only necessary to say that Pat didn't kill the cat.'"

"What made him send it back after fixing it up?" The idea in Aunt Liddy's brain was running riot, if one idea could do that.

"You don't understand, he *had* it all written but he rubbed it out; it is very indistinct. I can just manage to spell out the words by holding it to the light. There must be another editor, Aunt Liddy—this one intended to take it—I'm glad of that because I was so sure. There must be two editors and the other one must be the principal."

"And this one scratched out mulatto wherever you had it and put boy instead, and intended to take the story and sent it up to the other one and he sent it back? I'll think it over, Liddy."

"But not to say a *word*," said little Liddy, and began to cry again.

A cool nod would not satisfy Dr. Ross the next time he met the young school-

mistress. He did not care whether the school children saw him or not, neither did he care if she were very late. He told her something that he had told her a year before, and told her in such a passionate, ringing voice that she must have listened as her mother listened to the handsome miller two and twenty years before, for she blushed and drooped her lashes and could not say him nay.

Aunt Liddy was feeding the chickens when her niece ran through the little hall and flung her arms about the dear old lady's neck.

"I've taken the easiest way to make us comfortable, Aunt Liddy," she said, with

a little quiver in her voice. "It's no use trying to be like my mother only in some things. I worship the very ground he walks on."

"Law!" gasped Aunt Liddy, but she must rid her brain of its one idea before she could entertain another. She took off her spectacles and wiped them on her gingham apron. "Liddy," she said, "I've been considering and considering why your story came back, and I've come to the conclusion that the principal editor must be a black man himself, else why would the other one have been so particular about rubbing out the word 'mulatto' and putting 'boy' instead?"

KATHARINE HULL.



LEVI AND BARBARA.

WE often think about it. One time that we were walking home from church, out in the country, and got into Levi Wheeler's wagon to ride. We had known both Levi and his wife ever since they were boy and girl, she that was Barbara Butler before she married Levi.

When they were courting, along in the '40's, it must have been, they always went to Sugar Creek meeting afoot—distance of four miles in a bee line, anyhow, not counting for the cool windings in and out of the beautiful country road that lay all the way like a verse of poetry.

Levi was Dave Mulligan's hired man, hired at so much a year—Mulligan's farm joined Butler's, and it came about easy enough for the hired man and the black-eyed Bab at the spinning-wheel by the south upper window to become acquainted and to become lovers.

Sundays they spent together. They both belonged to the "Sugar Creek meeting," and when they walked there and back they always traveled along briskly, hand in hand—their two hard, horny, brown, warm, ungloved hands clasping each other in that long walk of at least ten miles!

Some of us used to laugh at them and call them, "Darby and Joan," or "babes in the wood," and they would blush and look down at their dusty shoes, but their love never faltered or shied off in a 'shamed way.

The day that we rode in their wagon we happened to say, hardly knowing how we came to say it: "What a good match you did make, Levi and Barbara—and your little children are rising up around you, little men and women—one with papa's hair and mamma's eyes; another with papa's nose and walk, and mamma's mouth and straight back—oh! you can

live a new life in your children and be such a happy family and make the world the better that you came into it! Yes, it was one of the few happy matches. You were meant for each other, none of the shadows that darken so many homes have ever come to yours. How good it is!"

Now we saw it, just as soon as we said it, that we were not on our own ground. What did it mean? "Darby" leaned over and flipped the lines and made believe as though old Fly had got her tail over them and she, the old lead-horse, was frisky and needed watching. And "Joan"—Barbara—turned the fat lumpkins of a baby round on her lap and began to arrange the ruffle of its little, dingy, white apron, as though it was chafing its neck, and both their toil-browned faces were red and distressed with blushes!

Then there was a silence, one of those oppressive stillnesses in which nothing comes to one's relief that they can say.

We chirked to the baby and offered to take it and rest the mother, and tried to put in a little wordy noise to bridge over the embarrassment.

Then Levi blurted out in jerky sentences, as though the jolting did it, "'Pears like as if all married folks had little spats once in awhile. I never knew of any but what had, sometime or other, I guess.

"We have to, well as other folks, don't we, Barbara?" said he, looking round at his wife, though he did not raise his eyes to hers. He just looked at her alpaca apron with the velvet ribbon set on round the edge, zig-zag.

"Yes, I expect all of 'em quarrel one time or another, 'specially when they are tired out and things don't go off well," she said, patting down the stiff ruffle here and there, and trying to make it stay in place.

The revelation disturbed us. How little did we think of prying and meddling

when we wanted to say pleasant things! We had unwittingly embarrassed and troubled them. They did have family jars it seemed, and here we were nosing around as if to find out something of their affairs. And all we wanted was to be neighborly!

But the little cloud, no bigger than a man's hand, was there in the domestic horizon. Ah me! that such things must be!

In the following harvest, Levi hired a young man. He was a cousin of the Martin family, came from another State, had never been away from home before, he had struck out to seek his fortune, to try the adventure, a shy, modest man of about thirty years of age. He almost worshiped his dear mother, and he never grew tired of telling Barbara about her, how she looked, how she could sing, how she cooked this and that, how she could ride horseback, and how she managed about her household duties.

In the quiet rural home of Levi and Barbara this young man came as one bearing a message from another country. He was not the hired hand so much as the companion. All went off well, it seemed, but one day when Barbara said to Levi, "Now, for dinner to-day I will have something new; something that Luther's mother makes, he was telling about it," and she smiled so pretty when she said it, rolling back the sleeves from her plump, sunburnt arms, and tying on a wide gingham apron.

"'Pears as if nobody knows anything, only Luther," he said, with a sneer.

Barbara smiled, hardly noticing the unkindness of the remark.

Just before Luther left for home, after harvest was over and the grain cared for, he had a half dozen photographs of himself taken. He laid them in Barbara's lap and told her to take her choice, he supposed they wanted one so as to remember him after he had gone back to Virginia.

The children gathered around and, with

the mother, selected one. When Mary held it up before her father's face, and said, "Oh! see, papa, see. It looks just like Luty, don't it? our good Luty," he turned indifferently away and said:

"I s'pose so."

Well, we are sorry our story is true, we wish it were "made-up."

The young man went home. His picture was put into the cheap little album with those of the grandparents and stark cousins with set eyes and folded hands, and the album was returned to its place on the shelf above the bureau.

One day, about a week after, Barbara was dusting and putting up new curtains, and she removed the books from their humble little shelf to cover it with fresh paper. She was tired. The week's washing was fluttering snow-white on the line; the floors nicely scrubbed; everything in good order.

As she placed the books back again in a tired way she sat down and involuntarily turned through the album.

What was her surprise when she came to the picture of Luther Doty to find it so mutilated no one would have recognized the fine manly face at all.

It was ludicrous in the extreme. The hair had been made to stand out like spikes all over his head; his eyes had been bored out with the point of a pen-knife, and a stub of a pipe was stuck in his mouth. Under the picture was written the name of "Captain Jinks."

More angry than she had ever been in her life, she took the album and hurried out to the fallow field where Levi was plowing. She held up the book before him with:

"Do you know how this came? poor Luther's picture, that he gave us?"

"He didn't give it to us, Bab, he gave it to you, my wife. I didn't s'pose you cared that much for it. I ornamented it only with a few touches that the man left out. For my part, I think it an improvement."

"But we all cared for the poor fellow's picture, Levi," she said. "You know he was a good man. He never made any extra trouble for me about the house. He helped me in more ways than one. I don't see how you could be so mean as to make his picture, that cost money, to look so ridiculous; why it's just ruined," and the tired, over-worked, excited, little dark drudge of a wife put her arm up across her face and began to cry like a poor little abused girl.

Levi took hold of her arm and tried to pull it away from her face.

"See here, Bab! Bab! I say. I want to see you full in the eyes. I swear it's time this thing was settled. See here; what makes you care for Doty's picture? answer me," and he rudely tore her arm away from her face, threw the album out into the brown furrow and held her hands tightly.

Both were angry. His laugh over the ridiculously mutilated photograph sharpened her sorrow to frenzied anger.

"Did you care for the picture, Barbara Wheeler?" he hissed through his teeth, while his clutch almost broke her poor, little wrists.

"Of course I did. You know I did," was her sharp cry of an answer.

"Did you care for him? Did you care for him? I 'lotted this good while that you did, and now I want a plain 'Yes' or 'No.' Come, out with it. I've a right to know," and he twisted her arms cruelly as she writhed in pain and the madness of anger. The unjust suspicion was a greater pain.

Now, woman-fashion, and to pay him off in his just dues it would have been good enough if she had said, "Oh! yes, yes," to his cruel question. But no reply came. She thought of the next best punishment, which was silence, and though the jealous fellow almost put her on the rack and into pillory, silence was the only response.

Poor Barbara! Weary unto dragging

her poor body home again across the furrows and the jagged stubble and over the fences, she returned to the house. She got supper for the family—how, she never knew. Anger and hatred rankled in her heart. She, the faithful, honest wife, questioned thus, while his horny hands pinioned her arms down and wrenched them as in a vise, how could she endure the shame and the humiliation?

After the family were all in bed, hardly knowing what she did, she threw a shawl over her bowed head and walked three miles to the home of her sister. The nursing babe was left asleep beside its father, to whom sleep came not that night.

He stole out and looked into the well and the cistern and the barn. He was troubled.

As he entered the house her pretty blue and white gingham sunbonnet, hanging on its nail, brought her face up before him so plainly that he took it down and caressed it. He could see her bright black eyes under it. He buried his face in it and tried to smother his anguish. How cruel he had been. How unjust. Where was the love gone that had lighted his path ever since he had met little Barbara?

It was a house of mourning and utter desolation the next day. The little nursing refused milk and food. The baby, two years older than it, cried continually. It wandered from one room to another, plaining out piteously, "My mamma! my mamma!"

A neighbor came in silently and went about the work of mercy and pity, soft of footfall as though the uncoffined dead lay in every room in the house. The older children sat on the steps with red eyes, and faces streaked with tear-stains; with clothes half put on, untidy hair, and voices eager to tell that "mamma had been crying, and now she had gone away, but maybe she would come home again."

It was a sorrowful time. It was our sorrow; it belonged to the whole neighborhood.

A good woman visited her and carried to her arms the nursing babe. She would not consent to see Levi. "My love is hate," was the message she sent to him.

In a few days a fever set in, and for awhile the stricken woman raved in wildest delirium. The babe was taken from her and a nurse found for it. Then the younger one at home took sick and the charity of the good women in the neighborhood was taxed to weariness caring for the family so suddenly bereft and disconsolate.

The father was desperate. He could not long hold out rebellious when the cries of the lonely little ones smote upon his heart. He would listen at the door of their sleeping-room, and their artless words of sympathy, one to another, their surmising and their sorrow, rent his heart with anguish over his own cruel conduct.

He wondered what demon had possessed him to wrong his wife so cruelly, to question her so unkindly.

He prayed that the Lord would spare them all to become a family reunited again in their humble but once happy home.

Just as soon as Barbara's illness passed its crisis her heart began to grow tender. She was like a new woman. All bitterness had gone away from her. She smiled as she pitied herself for her weakness on the night in which she had fled from her home and the dear babies. She said nothing should tempt a mother to break such beautiful ties as those between the mother and her children. Still she did not want to see Levi. The physician told him to stay away, let nature and time work the cure that must come.

One soft September evening she told her brother-in-law she wanted to go home. They put a bed in the carriage and in the twilight she was lifted into it gently. The full moon shone down into a peaceful, radiant face, almost as white as the pillows were.

As the carriage drove softly past the garden wall of the gray old stones covered

over with hop-vines and honeysuckle, the voice of a sorrowing soul came out from under the festoon of vines, the voice of one in prayer. It was her husband.

He had not heard them. They stopped.

The brother began to remove the shawls, to lift out the restored wife and mother.

In the moonlight her eyes shone out starry and a smile illumined her face.

As she reached out her feeble arms, resting on his shoulders, she distinctly heard the voice, and she whispered, "Listen, what is that?"

And the voice, choked with tears, cried: "Lord, it is enough. I am so terribly punished. Leave me go with all these scars upon my soul. Oh! bring her back to me and the poor children! Lord, I always worshiped the groud' she walked on; she was the chiefest among the ten thousand and the one altogether lovely. Lord, I pledge to do the fair thing by her forever and forever. Lord, restore her, my blessed wife, the mother o' these orphan children, and let me prove my devotion. I never doubted her; the devil had strong holt of me when I mistreated my Barbara. Restore my beloved wife once more, Lord, and to Thy name be all the glory."

There was complete forgiveness in the humble prayer, and poor Barbara, in a passion of sorrow, cried out, "O Levi!

Levi! my poor husband! O Levi, Levi, Levi!"

The garden wall was no more in his way than would have been a string. Levi sprang over it—throwing aside the tangle of vines; he flew to the carriage; the Lord had heard his prayer. He gathered up close to his bosom the restored, repentant, forgiving wife, and ran with his precious burden to the home that would be desolate no longer, but brightened by her presence.

As the brother-in-law turned the carriage to start back home again, he looked over his shoulder and through the open door he saw Levi, walking to and fro, hugging the white bundle in his arms, and the children following after like a glad procession marching to music, only the music was crying in all keys, from the papa's hoarse voice down to the piping baby's.

And he, the sturdy, sensible brother-in-law, said, "A pair of fools to go galivantin' their family difficulties round in this way, troubling honest folks and causing a sight of bother!"

It taught them a good lesson. They began back in their love-making days again, and they stayed there ever since, the happiest wedded pair we ever met. A lovely, happy couple.

PIPSEY POTTS.

UGLY GRIF BENNETT.

CHAPTER I.

THE sun, after an ardent devotion to duty, was sinking to rest behind the wooded ridge which bounded the western horizon and the broiling June day was spent. Everything seemed to rejoice that the fiery monster had left the sky. The crickets and the treefrogs sang duets; the cows in the barn-yard switched their tails contentedly; there was something congratulatory in the squeal of the pigs as they rooted in the trough for some stray remnant of their supper. Then a cool breeze, which had hidden all day in some sequestered nook, took heart and rustled in the leaves of the old mulberry tree under which pap and the farm hands were eating supper. A cheery sight, an old-time farm table, and doubly so when a good-natured face like pap's beamed over it. Sixty years perched on his shoulders like a sparrow, for he seemed to be oblivious of the burden, although it was sixty years of hard work from the rising to the setting of the sun.

There was something contagious in his good humor, for all associated with him became infected with it, and many times that evening the hands, tired and spent as they were with the hot day's labor in the harvest field, laughed heartily at his quaint jokes.

All save one man. He sat sullenly eating, his eyes fixed upon his plate, he joined in neither conversation nor laughter.

None of us liked Grif Bennett, at least we girls did not. Pap, dear, old soul! with his overflowing kindness of heart,

took the man's part, called us prejudiced, and declared Bennett a first-rate workman, but even pap, when pressed, was obliged to acknowledge him a sullen, repulsive man.

He was the ugliest man I ever beheld. Of short stature, his remarkably broad shoulders made him seem a dwarf. His arms were very long, and his legs, which were slightly bowed, were very short. He was a powerful man, but his strength was oddly distributed. His huge shoulders, long arms, and the bristly black hair, which grew almost down to his eyebrows, made him resemble an ape. A constant scowl rested on his brow and gave him a morose, repulsive appearance. Nature seemed to pile defects on this man, for his voice was harsh and disagreeable, though, to do him justice, we heard little of it, for he only spoke when directly addressed, and then in as few words as possible. Early in the spring Grif Bennett had applied to pap for work. Pap was not prepossessed with the applicant and at any other time would probably have declined, but just then he was sadly in want of hands, so he engaged him.

He was a stranger to every one in the vicinity. The only thing we ever heard concerning him was that, previous to making his application to pap for employment, he had made remarkably strenuous efforts to get work on the farm of our neighbor, Judge Gardner.

And so we had him ever since, a gloomy, repulsive man. Sister Nellie declared that Grif Bennett was a murderer and

that he was only awaiting a favorable time to cut all of our throats. Maggie, who belonged to a circulating library and had a lover, was, of course, imaginative, and she saw in Bennett the perpetrator of some dreadful crime. Going further, she insisted that he had undoubtedly murdered his father and turned his wife out-of-doors. Her theory had one strong point, if she could not prove it, no one had the power of disproving it save Bennett himself, and no one would dare to inquire of him about his antecedents. Hence we tacitly admitted him to be an ugly parricide and worried pap with constant entreaties to discharge the man, to which a deaf ear was turned.

Just as the meal was finished I heard a quick step, and Steve Gardner, Maggie's beau, came around the house with Maggie. As Steve came and went as he pleased, I paid no attention to the lovers, but as I turned toward the table my eyes fell upon Bennett and I started with terror. His face was distorted by an expression of malignant hatred and his scowling glance was directed toward Steve Gardner. It was only for a moment, then he followed the other hands toward the barn with his usual slouching gait. I was afraid of the man. His fierce, gloomy aspect and his boorish gruffness was enough to cause a feeling of dread without the direful prognostications which my sisters were constantly dinning into my ears. Therefore, I was always expecting Bennett to do something terrible, to appear suddenly in his true character of robber or murderer, or both, and this fearful glance of hate which he leveled at Steve seemed to be the gradual kindling of the volcano which was to consume us. There was, of course, a great deal of nonsense in these surmises, but they made me very uneasy when I thought of pap being out in the fields all day with this man.

Why should he hate Steve Gardner? Certainly no one in the neighborhood knew Grif Bennett when he came among

us, and it was fair to presume he knew none of the inhabitants of the village. Why then should he hate Steve?

During the evening I asked Steve if he had ever seen Bennett before he came to work for us.

He laughed, "Not I," said he. "No one would ever forget his face if he had once seen it. No, I did not even see him when he bothered Dixon our overseer about employment. Dixon got rid of him, by telling him it was too early in the year to set up scare-crows."

Here was a mystery. I caught myself wondering (I am not a bit romantic) if it were possible that that misshapen wretch had a sneaking fondness for Maggie and her jealousy of Bennett had caused that bitter glance? "Bosh!" I thought, "I am as silly as a boarding-school miss, the idea of peach-cheeked Mag and ugly Grif Bennett, preposterous. There is a deep mystery here," so I prepared myself to dread Bennett more than ever and resolved to redouble my exertions to get pap to send him away. I told Mag that she had better entreat Steve to be careful of himself, for I was certain Bennett meant him mischief.

Mag was proud of her lover and, in fact, the neighborhood regarded her as a lucky girl. Judge Gardner, Steve's father, had once been Judge in one of the far Western States, but had given up the law, and coming East, settled in our peaceful Western Maryland valley. He had a very fine farm, and Steve managed it well. Indeed, he was deemed a model young farmer.

The next evening when the hands assembled at the supper-table, I noticed that Bennett was absent, and that frightened me. He might be meditating the commission of some crime if he had not already committed it.

"I think, daughter," said pap, "that Bennett is at the barn; he complained of being very sick; drank too much cold water I expect."

I feared Bennett and heartily wished him a thousand miles from the farm, but the idea of the morose, avoided man lying sick and alone in the great haymow touched me with pity. I lay no claim to a pretty face nor to a fine mind, but, thank God! I've a tender heart, so after a moment's hesitation I slipped down to the barn. As I entered the mow I heard a deep groan, and peering into the semi-darkness I saw Bennett lying on the hay.

He was evidently suffering great anguish; beads of perspiration stood on his livid face and he writhed with pain.

"What ails you, Bennett?" I asked, my compassion almost stifled by my dread of the man.

"Sick," was the monosyllabic answer, as he tried to swallow a groan.

I hurried to the house for the family panacea, all old farm families had one if not a dozen, and ours was of great renown. I filled a large glass with the mixture and returned to the barn.

He did not raise his eyes when I entered the mow, so I placed the glass in among the hay and told him to sip of its contents until relieved.

He raised himself on his elbow as I turned to depart, and said hesitatingly, as if unaccustomed to the utterance of the words,

"Thank you, miss."

I verily believe it was the first time those words had passed his lips.

The next morning he went to the fields with the hands, a testimonial of the virtue in our family panacea. Did he feel grateful? Judging from his manner not a whit, and yet I discovered that he was.

I discovered it by his care of Beauty.

Beauty was a white heifer, my especial pet. One morning in the spring, the hands going to the field found a cow lying dead and a little motherless calf baaing its heart out over her body. My heart yearned for the little orphan, I grew very fond of her. She followed me about like

a dog. Since the day when I had ministered to Bennett by means of the great family remedy, I could but notice how attentive he was to Beauty. He brushed her after work-hours and gathered bunches of rich marsh grass for her to eat. It was an indirect manifestation of gratitude to me. Query, could such a misshapen man do anything direct?

The summer, despite of ugly Grif Bennett's presence and the uneasiness he caused, passed rapidly. In fact, we were too busy to feel the passage of time. What with house duties, preparing milk and butter for market, and keeping a watchful eye on the chickens, our lives were full of work since mother died, and the mantle of the best housekeeper in Maryland had fallen on my inefficient shoulders.

Now October was writing her name in red gold and maroon on the foliage, and the mornings were crisp with frost. At night, when we gathered about the hickory log snapping on the hearth, we felt that the pleasantest time of the year had come.

On one of these glorious, gold-tinted evenings I started across the meadows to pay a visit to Aunt Martha, an old colored woman who occasionally helped us in the dairy. It was not a very long distance, but Aunt Martha was garrulous and the sun was about setting when I started homeward. Of course, I made a short cut—what country girl does not?—and my course led me into a woods which extended to our barn-yard. This barn-yard and the meadow adjoining lay in a sort of valley, while the woodland rose rather abruptly upward. Hence one could stand on the border of the woods and look down into the barn-yard. The evening was darkening and I was hurriedly crashing through the brittle brown leaves which strewed the earth when my attention was attracted by the angry routing of a bull.

The animal was evidently not far distant and seemed greatly enraged.

"That must be Satan," said I to myself.

Satan was our bull, and a well-named animal he was, for a more malignant, vicious creature never existed. Every one feared him, and pap had resolved to sell him as soon as a purchaser appeared. Bennett alone had no fear of the animal; indeed, the bull seemed, like we girls, to fear him, and Bennett had the sole management of the animal, a position no one else coveted.

The furious bellowing alarmed me. I feared lest pap might be in the barn-yard. I hurried through the underbrush to the fence and looked down the slope into the yard. The sole occupants of the inclosure were Bennett and the bull; the latter was loose and was making frantic efforts to get through the fence into the meadow, while Bennett was goading the creature with a stick, as if bent on increasing its fury.

As I raised my eyes I caught sight of a figure crossing the meadow about two hundred yards from the yard. Although it was twilight and the figure was some distance from me, I recognized Judge Gardner, Steve's father. He had evidently been to the village and was crossing the meadow as a near cut to his home.

The roaring of the bull increased in violence, and I glanced once more into the barn yard.

I shrieked with horror; the blood seemed to rush from my heart. The bull dashed through the fence and rushed into the meadow. For an instant he remained digging up the earth with hoofs and horns and lashing his flanks with his tail, keeping up a continuous bellowing. Suddenly he saw the moving figure of the Judge in the shadowy light, and with a wild roar rushed toward him.

I screamed in terror, "Run, run! the bull, the bull!"

My voice did not likely reach him, but the roars of the bull caused him to look

back, and divining his peril he began to run toward the fence.

Alas! his progress was slow and he must be overtaken. Despair gave me courage. Uttering an unearthly screech I hurriedly snatched the scarlet worsted shawl from my shoulders and frantically waved it over the fence.

The bull had gone past where I stood, but my scream caused him to pause, and when he saw the provoking red object flaunting at him he altered his course and dashed toward me.

Then my courage evaporated and utter terror took its place. I dropped my shawl, and with a moan of horror fled madly into the thicket. I stumbled over roots; branches whipped me in the face, and thorns maliciously clung to my dress. But I fled onward. At last I fell heavily and exhausted, lay gasping, my face among the leaves. The roaring of the bull had ceased and I raised my head. O God! the bushes move, something crashes among them, and I hid my face again, praying.

"Here's what's left of yer shawl, miss; the bull's in the yard," said a gruff voice.

It was Bennett. If any other man had come upon me, I verily believe I would, in gratefulness, have hugged him, but now I shuddered and drew away from my companion.

I walked toward home, Bennett following me. I longed to ask him a question, but horror of the man sealed my lips.

We reached the stable and Bennett stopped. Then, conquering my dread, I asked in a low voice:

"Was Judge Gardner hurt?"

Again there flitted over the sullen face that expression of terrible hate, so bitter that every feature was distorted. He ground out between his clenched teeth:

"No; you saved his life with your shawl," and then he walked into the barn.

Filled with terrible misgivings for the future, weighed down with terror, I approached the house.

As I had stood in the woods I had seen Grif Bennett deliberately take down the bars and turn the bull into the field where Judge Gardner was walking.

CHAPTER II.

I LAY awake a long time and my thoughts were troubled. A dread of approaching evil weighed upon me and my secret was hard to bear undivided. I had mentioned the narrow escape of the Judge from the bull and also my participation in the affair, but not a word dared I say about Bennett's action. I felt assured that pap would be violently incensed and would dismiss Bennett on the spot. A quarrel with Bennett seemed a dreadful thing to me, knowing as much as I did. Therefore, I kept my secret closely, and pap, when he visited the barn-yard, was told that the bull had broken from Bennett as he was leading him to the watering trough. The animal had rushed against the bars, so Bennett said, and had broken them. Sure enough, two of the bars were broken and pap had not the slightest suspicion of anything like foul play. I, however, knew the story was false, and my knowledge made me miserable with dread.

The whole matter was perplexing. Why should Bennett desire Judge Gardner's death? Then flashed across my mind that terrible glance of hate directed at Steve. Did Bennett hate father and son alike? As neither of them knew the man, how was it possible for them to offend him? These questions rankled in my mind until I gave up in despair, and resolving to use all my energies toward getting Bennett sent away, I managed to fall asleep.

From that moment I became an implacable enemy of Grif Bennett. I surpassed my sisters in pleading for his dismissal, until finally pap, much tantalized, said:

"He goes when the corn is husked, so no more on the subject, daughters."

We were forced to be content with this.

A few evenings later, Cowper, one of

the hired men, came in from the corn-field before the others. He usually did so, as he attended to the milking. He stopped at the well and drank some water, then he said to me:

"Had a rumpus in the field to-day, Miss Millie."

"Who had a rumpus?" I inquired, sharply, for Cowper was disposed to be a gossip and I did not care to encourage him.

"Why, your pap and that there Bennett. I heered your pap a-callin' me an' I ran through the thicket between us, an' the old man and Bennett was a-rollin' on the ground. When I got to 'em, Bennett jumped up and the old man told him to git away from the farm, and I—"

I heard no more. Bareheaded I flew down the garden toward the distant corn-field, a cold terror cramping my heart. I hurried past the currant bushes, cold and clammy with the dew. Just as I reached the bottom of the garden a figure loomed up in the twilight mist. It was pap.

I fell on his breast, sobbing hysterically, "O pap! are you safe?"

"Safe, my lass," replied he, "why, of course I am safe. What's likely to happen to me?"

"I mean," sobbed I, "are you safe from the vengeance of that monster? Has he gone?"

Pap's kindly face grew dark. "You mean Bennett. Well, he'll do me no harm, and we won't talk of him here. He leaves to-morrow morning."

"O pap! does he stay here to-night? Oh! what will become of us?"

"Don't worry, child," said he. "Bennett has no thought of harming us. Come in the house, the night air is cold." As we entered the kitchen, Steve Gardner was standing in the passage talking to Maggie.

"Well, I am going to leave you to-night," said Steve.

"Leave us!" exclaimed I. "Where are you going?"

"Oh! not far, only to Frederick, but I

will have to be there until to-morrow night to attend to some business for father. I will only be six miles from you, Mag," continued he, looking tenderly at his sweetheart.

Steve's horse was tied at the front-door, and he and Maggie walked slowly down the path. As I walked across the passage my foot struck something. I stooped and picked up a match-box. It was Steve's, Maggie had given it to him and his monogram was engraven on it. I hurried to the door, called to him and gave him the match-box. Then he mounted his horse and rode away toward Frederick.

After supper pap told us about his trouble with Bennett.

"I can't imagine what possessed the fellow," said he. "We were husking corn in the far field, which you know adjoins Judge Gardner's property. A ditch runs through the field, and there is a deal of bushes grown about the banks, so that one can scarcely see through them. Cowper and I were at work on this side of the ditch and Bennett on the far side. We could not see him at all from where we were husking. By and by I heard voices, as though two people were quarreling, but the plagued bushes prevented my seeing who the speakers were. Then I heard Bennett shout, 'You cursed hound, I have lived these twelve years to kill you.' When I heard that I ran to the bushes and looked through them. I saw Bennett throttling a man against the fence, his face inflamed with passion. Girls, who do you suppose the man was?"

I felt that I knew, but I said nothing, and my sisters with bated breath asked who he was.

"Well," said pap, "Bennett was choking the life out of Judge Gardner. The idea of a powerful man like Bennett attacking a feeble old man like the Judge made me furious, and shouting to Cowper, who was coming up, to hurry, I plunged through the bushes and rushed up to Bennett. I seized him and dragged him from the

Judge. He is a stronger man than I and I could not have held him had not Cowper come to my assistance.

"Bennett was furious. 'Let me finish that devil,' he growled, but we held him fast.

"Then he said, 'This is none of your affair. I've waited twelve years for this chance, so let me go.'

"By this time the Judge was on his feet, and I saw his overseer Dixon coming across the field. Bennett seemed to know that he could do nothing, for he shook off my hold and returned to the corn pile. The Judge, without a word or a look, hobbled away over the field toward Dixon.

"Then I told Bennett to leave my premises, and he said he would go to-morrow morning; so that's all."

"I knew he was a murderer," said Sister Nellie, pale as a sheet.

"But are we safe to-night?" asked Mag. "May he not cut all of our throats?"

Pap said we were nervous and silly, but I confess I was terribly alarmed, and my alarm was increased by Cowper coming to the door and telling pap that his wife was sick and he must go home.

Three helpless girls and one old man alone on a farm and a desperate murderer in the barn. Not a soul within a full half mile.

How badly things worked. Any other night Cowper would have remained and Steve would have been visiting the house. A word would have been enough to have made him stay all night. No, luck was against us.

We tried to talk, but our apprehensions were too great, so we sat, three terrified girls before the great fire-place, until the falling of pap's pipe on the hearth and the wall-clock striking eleven, told us how unusually late we were sitting up.

"Better go to bed, there's no danger," said pap, and he kissed us and went off to his room.

Then Nellie and Mag fled to their

room and I heard the door bang behind them.

I went to every door and window. Carefully I tried every fastening, and then reluctantly went to my room. I am no coward, but that night's sensations I will never forget. The slightest noise made me start in affright, and I sat for nearly an hour, as if awaiting some terrible summons.

Wearied, I said my prayers and lay down on the bed without undressing. I heard the hall-clock strike twelve and one, and then I could lie still no longer. I arose and went to the window which looked toward the barn. It was neither a dark nor a bright night. The moon was up but a pall of grayish clouds covered the sky causing a strange, indefinite sort of a light. Beyond the garden the woods looked like a great smudge of black, and the whitewashed barn seemed in the dusky light like some huge tombstone. How still the house was. Not a sound. I walked to the door and listened, then returned to the window. A path ran through the garden, leading to the barn-yard, and separated from it by a gate. As I looked a second time, to my amazement I saw, or imagined I saw, the figure of a man standing at the gate as if about to enter the barn-yard. I strained my eyes. Surely a man was standing there. Then a great wave of terror swept over me, and I ran to the door to call pap. One of my weaknesses is a horror of being ridiculed and this weakness was strong enough to force me back to the window to make sure that the figure was not conjured up by my imagination. The figure had disappeared; the path and gate were plain before me, but the figure had vanished. Did it ever exist? Again and again I stared at the gate. I scrutinized the garden, but nothing was to be seen. Then I remembered Rollo, the watch-dog. He slept just below my window. He would never have permitted a man to walk in the garden without barking, and he had

never uttered a sound. Evidently I had been mistaken and I felt glad that I had raised no alarm.

Vexed with myself, I returned to my bed and tried to lay still, but I was very nervous. Opposite to my bed was a cheap painting of General Washington bidding farewell to his officers. As I had no candle the picture was, of course, concealed by the gloom within the room. After vainly trying to keep my eyes closed a half hour I was surprised to find the picture visible. Strange as this was, I lay contemplating it without moving. See, it is getting plainer—a ruddy tinge spreads over it. My God! a stream of red light pours in the window.

I sprang to my feet and looked out. The barn was on fire. Great tongues of flames were pouring from the haymow and leaping up in the air.

"Pap! pap! fire! fire! the barn is on fire!" I screamed, rushing to his room.

He was up in a minute and, throwing some clothes around him, rushed out, I close at his heels.

By this time the flames had burst through the roof and lighted up the sky with a red glare, and as I heard shouts in the distance, I knew that others were alarmed and that assistance was coming. Near the burning building the scene was an awful one. A great deal of hay and straw was stowed in the mow and the flames reveled among it.

"It is that devil Bennett's work!" exclaimed pap. "He slept in the barn."

The cattle, twenty-two in number, were lowing piteously and making frantic endeavors to escape their peril. Unfortunately they were chained in the stalls and could not break their fastenings.

Pap seized an axe and burst in the doors. Another man was helping him, and their terrific blows echoed above the roar and snap of the flames—a great, broad-shouldered man—it was Bennett.

One after another the maddened beasts rushed from the burning building. With-

in could be heard the thunderous blows of the rescuers' axes.

People were now arriving, but they dared not enter the barn, for the seething haymow threatened to fall at any moment.

Pap rushed out, begrimed and panting.

"The others must perish; it is certain death to remain in there any longer," he gasped. Then he yelled, "Bennett! Bennett! come out for your life."

Another beast, stark wild with fright, rushed out and Bennett followed.

"I have saved the horses," he said, hoarsely, "but you will lose some of your cattle."

"Is Beauty out?" I asked.

"My God!" exclaimed pap, "she is in the stall nearest the wagon-house; she is lost."

"My poor pet," I sobbed, feeling her agony.

Bennett seized his axe. "I will get her out," and he rushed into the barn.

"Come back," I screamed.

"Come back," screamed all present in a chorus.

A tongue of flame shot out of the door where Bennett had entered, the fire had eaten its way through the floor, the mow must fall in a few seconds.

"O God! he is lost!" I groaned.

Hissing, crackling the flame leaped into the air. A white creature fled through the dusky gleam that poured through the stable door. It was Beauty, and the flames seemed to leap after her. Then with a roar that merged into a dull, heavy crash the mow fell into the lower floor. Myriads of sparks shot upward. All was over. Two men shout; they approach, bearing something, and the others crowd around.

Bennett lay before me, crushed out of semblance to humanity by a huge beam, his left hand charred to a crisp, his face blackened and scorched. He yet breathed, though he was dying, and dying fast.

I flung myself on the ground and rested

his head on my lap. I wiped his crisped lips with my handkerchief. Several men brought water, but he refused it. Sad eyes gazed upon him as he lay dying. Rough faces were wet with tears.

"Bennett," I whispered, "you are dying; will you not say a prayer?"

The ruddy, garish light of the fire fell full on his swollen, blackened face, but he made no sign of assent.

"Bennett," I pleaded, "repeat after me. Our Father, who art in Heaven, hallowed be Thy name."

Did his lips move?

"Thy Kingdom come, Thy will be done on earth as it is done in Heaven."

His eyes rolled in their sockets and his lips were moving.

"Give us this day our daily bread, and forgive us our trespasses as we forgive—"

With a powerful effort Bennett raised himself on his elbow, elevating his right hand, he cried in a husky voice:

"Steve Gardner set this barn on fire. I swear it by the Eternal God. May Lem Hodson's curse blast Judge Gardner and his son in this world and damn them in the next."

With these awful words issuing from his swollen lips Grif Bennett passed to his account.

CHAPTER III.

SAD and dreary was the scene which the rising sun disclosed. In the place of the great barn was a heap of smouldering ashes. The air was redolent with the smell of charred wood and hay. Amid the ruins were three black heaps from which a greasy vapor exhaled; they were the bodies of the cows burned. A crowd of men stood around eagerly talking—some explaining how the barn caught on fire; others telling how they would have rescued all the cattle had they arrived a little earlier. Very little mention was made of Bennett's dying accusation of Steve Gardner as the incendiary, for the reason that most of them knew that Steve

was absent in Frederick. One or two only shook their heads doubtfully and wondered what Bennett could have meant.

Sadly I walked around the ruins, nervous and trembling still from last night's excitement.

From a business point of view our loss was not very severe, as both barn and cattle were pretty well insured, but what could restore life to the swollen, blackened corpse now laying in our parlor. The body of one who had gone to the judgment bad, with a curse and a seeming lie on his lips.

Sick at heart I walked to the gate, intending to cross the garden to the house, then it flashed upon me that it was here I had seen or imagined I had seen the figure of a man. The stirring events of the night had driven it from my mind, but now I gazed curiously about me wondering if imagination could be as realistic as seemed that man's figure standing by the gate. Perhaps I really saw a man. Perhaps he set fire to the barn. Perhaps—something glistening in the rays of the sun attracted my attention—something with the shine of silver lying right in the path by the gate. I stooped and picked it up. Wonder! it was the identical match-box I had carried to Steve Gardner last evening. There could be no mistake, for on the lid was engraven the letters M. M. to S. G.

Sister Maggie's gift to Steve Gardner.

How on earth came the box here when I had seen Steve put it in his pocket at the front-door and ride away to the city?

I retraced my steps to the barn-yard. Among the loiterers about the ruins was Dixon, Judge Gardner's overseer.

"Dixon," I inquired, "did not Steve return home last night?"

"No he didn't, Miss Millie," replied he. "He won't be home until this afternoon. He's at Frederick."

"Might he not have returned without your knowledge?" persisted I.

"No, miss," he answered, "I've been

home since sunrise, and his horse is not in the stable. How could he have gotten home last night without his horse?"

I walked to the house dazed. Bennett's accusation, the match-box, the evidences of Steve's absence all jumbled together in my mind.

"Who set the barn on fire?" Sister Nellie, was inquiring, in her shrill voice, of pap, as I entered the house.

"Why, Bennett, of course," answered he. "I think the fellow was sorry for it afterward, and tried to do all he could to repair his deed. Poor devil, he paid dear for his vengeance."

No farm work was done that day, no one felt in the humor for doing anything but wonder and talk. About noon Steve came over.

"Just arrived," said he. "I am so sorry I was away. I might at least have kept you from being so frightened, dear," this last to Maggie.

Steve looked bad. His face was haggard and worried, while his manner was nervous and agitated.

"Did you remain in Frederick all night?" I asked.

He avoided my glance, and replied brusquely, "Of course, where else could I have been," then he walked over and began talking to Maggie.

Later in the evening I found a chance to speak to Steve alone. Pap having retired and Maggie being out of the room on some errand.

"Steve," said I, "do you know that Bennett's last words accused you of firing our barn?"

"Millie," he replied, his face becoming troubled, "how can you repeat such stuff? The man must have been crazy. Why on earth should I set your barn on fire? Harm you, of all people."

I laid my hand on his arm. "You were in Frederick that night, were you not?"

He again avoided my glance. "I was, of course I was," he said, pettishly.

"Steve," I said, sadly, "God help me! I cannot believe you, for I found this at the garden-gate opening into the barn-yard, and I saw you put it in your pocket when you left the house early that same evening." I handed him the match-box.

With a smothered expression of wrath he snatched the box from my hand, and seizing his hat, rushed from the house.

O Heavens! what did it all mean; was Steve deceiving us?

Three days passed away; three gloomy, troubled days to me. Added to the weight of my secrets was the reproachful looks of Mag, for not once during these three days had Steve come to our house.

Poor Mag, pale and sad as you are now, is there a deeper grief in store for you?

She accused me of insulting Steve, and when I sought to comfort her she grew angry and did not speak to me. I kept my secret, however, buried in my heart.

They were clearing away the ruins of the barn. Back near the woods they have buried Bennett's charred and blackened body, and to-night as the north wind sends the first snow clouds scudding over the cold, steel-colored heavens I think of the lonely grave with sadness. Ugly, ungainly, sullen he was, but then he lost his life saving my pet and I knew had I been in danger he would have done the same. I looked down the garden, then I started with surprise, for leaning against the gate was the figure of a man. He appeared to be contemplating the spot where the barn stood. I was frightened; there was something uncanny about the figure, which appeared and vanished, so I walked quickly to the house. As I reached the door I looked back, the man was following me. I was terrified now and fled into the house, shutting and locking the door. When I reached the front room where pap and my sisters were sitting I was about to tell them what had occurred when a step sounded on the porch and a knock at the door made me scream. Pap looked at

me with surprise, walked into the hall and opened the door. He reappeared in a moment followed by Steve Gardner. Steve was greatly changed, his face was pale and haggard, and his eyes were fixed on the floor. Maggie arose as he entered and started to meet him, but without looking at her he waved her back.

"Take a seat, Steve," said pap, heartily.

Steve made no response, but leaning his hand upon the back of a chair and continuing to keep his eyes glued on the floor, said hoarsely:

"I have something to say to you all. Grif Bennett did not set fire to your barn."

"Then who in the name of common sense could have done it?" exclaimed pap.

"I did it," replied Steve.

Pap gazed at him in mute wonder. Mag hid her face in her hands, but Steve never raised his eyes.

"I set your barn on fire," continued he, "but I did not do it intentionally, still that happened. The fire, Bennett's death, and my trouble are the consequences of my weakness."

Pap still gazed at him while Mag, pale-faced, with wondering eyes now looked into the glowing embers.

"I went to Frederick that evening on some business for father," continued Steve. "I was to meet a man the next morning about some legal matters. When I reached the city I wandered about for some hours, killing time, and fell in with some young men I knew. I don't know how it came about, but I began to drink. You know I do not touch liquor usually, but that night for some reason I felt like drinking; the more I drank the more I wanted, and in a little while I was drunk. Then one of the men began bantering me about my horse and praising his own. At last he suggested going out for a drive to try his horse's speed. I was just in the condition to agree to anything, and we started. We took the road by which I had come and all went well for awhile, until the cool

night air partly sobered me, and then came a detestation of my folly. I became quarrelsome and insisted on getting out of the carriage and walking home, for we had driven some distance and were not a great ways from our farm. My companion at first tried to dissuade me, but I grew sick and finally leaped from the carriage and fell in the road. I staggered to my feet and without paying any attention to the words of the man in the carriage I crawled through the fence and began to walk through the woods. I heard the wagon drive away and I plunged on amid the trees. The night was not dark, although the clouds concealed the moon, and I knew that the direction I was taking would lead me to the meadow back of your barn, thence I could cross directly to our farm. The liquor buzzed in my head and I reeled and stumbled as I went. At last I saw the woods was lightening and I was at the fence separating the woods from the meadow. I walked across the meadow until I had passed your house, then I began to think of the consequences of my going home in my present state. Father has the greatest horror of liquor and I believe that the sight of me intoxicated would kill him; so I stopped in the middle of the field and thought what I had best do.

"Plainly, I dared not go home. I could not possibly get in the house without awakening father. I could get in the barn, but then Dixon was up so early that I knew he would see me and then father would hear of it.

"It was too cold to sleep out, and then I thought of your haymow. I knew Cowper would see me, but I was sure I could stop his tongue. I never once thought of Bennett. In fact, the weather was so cold I did not imagine he slept in the barn.

"Having resolved on this step, I entered your garden and walked back to the barn. When I reached the gate which opened into the barn-yard I stopped to seek some matches, for I knew it would be very dark

in the haymow. I found some matches in my box, but in trying to put it back in my pocket I must have dropped it on the path. Then I walked through the barn-yard to the barn and looked for the means to enter. The door was barred, but a window was open, so I climbed through it and stood beside a pile of hay. It was very dark, so I lighted a match; the first barely ignited and then went out. I lighted another, and as I did so, I heard a voice growl:

"You damnable villain! your father is a murderer of innocent people, and you set fire to people's property."

"I was still under the influence of liquor. I was nervous and sick, and this unnatural, unexpected voice completely upset me. I started and dropped the match. Instantly, like a flash of lightning, a tongue of flame shot up from the hay pile. I made a frantic effort to extinguish it, but in vain; it burned furiously. I was so terrified and demoralized that I leaped through the window and fled into the woods. There I saw the flames shoot up through the roof and turn the sky crimson. I ought to have gone directly to you then, but I was afraid. I still showed evidences of being drunk, and I knew you had the same aversion to drink that my father has. I feared you would be angry and refuse to allow my marriage with Maggie. I am ashamed of the determination I made, but I resolved to go back to Frederick, then ride home and deny that I had been near your barn. If it had not have been for the match-box which told on me I might have told this lie and held to it. Now I confess everything."

Pap looked steadily at Steve without saying a word, then Mag arose, walked to Steve and placed her hand in his.

"Lad," said pap, "a fault confessed is a fault mended. I am more certain of you now than ever before," and then he took Steve's other hand.

We were soon sitting around the fire,

Mag's face glowing with happiness, and Steve, while very subdued in manner, looked a different man from what he did when he came in.

"By the way, Steve," said pap, "why did Bennett hate your father so fiercely? Did he ever know him?"

"I made a full confession to father before I came here," replied Steve, "and then he told me something about Bennett. He recognized him one evening when Bennett attacked him in the corn-field, and had it not have been for you, sir, Bennett would have killed him. Bennett's real name is Lemuel Hodson. Some fourteen or fifteen years ago father was Judge in one of the far Western States, and George Hodson, Bennett's brother, was brought before him charged with murder. The man had a bad character, but the testimony was not sufficient to hang him, so father sentenced him to the penitentiary for fifteen years. Lemuel Hodson made strenuous efforts to get his brother par-

doned, and besought father to use his influence in his behalf, as that would insure success. Although the testimony by which Hodson was convicted was not very strong, still father really believed him guilty and used his influence to prevent a pardon being granted. That year Hodson died in the penitentiary, and almost immediately a man confessed to having committed the crime for which George Hodson was imprisoned. Then Lemuel went nearly crazy. He openly accused father of being his brother's murderer, and threatened his life. Father had him arrested twice on account of these threats. Lemuel was in jail when father left the West, and as soon as released he must have changed his name and started on the track of father, bent on avenging his brother. For this reason he evidently tried so hard to get employment on our farm, trusting an opportunity would occur for him to find father alone."

The barn is rebuilt and Steve seems able to manage both places very well.

JAS. C. PLUMMER.

THE ART OF CANNING.

AMONG all the manifold inventions of modern days none has added more to the comfort and health of the household than the art of canning. It has actually effected a revolution in our style of living, enabling a country housekeeper to set out her table with palatable vegetables and dainty fruit throughout the bleak winter and bare spring. A generation ago nothing could have been more uninviting than the average dinner at a farmhouse during the winter and spring, especially the latter season, but now any thrifty housewife

who has mastered the art of canning can spread a palatable table where her grandmother or mother would have set out a dreary array of boiled middling and black-eyed peas, dried apples and hominy. Humors in the blood, eruptions, and other spring complaints seemed to be much more common formerly than they are now, and this is doubtless attributable to the fact that most country families have now a good supply of canned fruits and vegetables in winter, and consequently do not eat as much salt meat as they did formerly. We all know how

scurvy used to break out in the army after the troops had been kept for a long time on salt meat without any vegetables. So we may judge how important it is to the health that part of our food should consist of vegetables. It is true we always had dry vegetables on hand in old times, but they are not so wholesome and palatable as canned ones.

I would advise every country housekeeper not to rest till she had thoroughly mastered the art of canning. Do not be discouraged if you fail the first year, or even the second or third. The writer of this did not thoroughly master the art of canning till on a fourth year's trial. In summing up the result of my experience, I would say there are three essential points to be observed in canning. First, put up the fruit or vegetables boiling hot; secondly, fill the vessel to the very top; thirdly, seal it so as to make it perfectly air-tight. To do the latter you must see that the rim of the tin can is bone dry. One drop of moisture will cause the cement to fall off and will consequently occasion you to lose the contents of the can. I always have on hand, when I am canning, a bundle of soft, clean rags, and I pass one of these at least twenty times around the rim of the can to make sure that it is perfectly dry. The neglect of this precaution at first occasioned me to lose dozens of cans. Be sure that you have good cans, else you will lose their contents, no matter how carefully you put them up. I once lost the results of several weeks' canning by means of leaky cans. Fill your cans with water before you put fruit or vegetables in them and you can thus test whether they leak or not. It has been my experience that it is easier to can in tin than in glass, and that the articles keep better. Glass is very nice, however, for canned peaches. Glass jars should be kept in a cool, dark place till cold weather sets in, as sunlight penetrates through the glass and sometimes spoils the canned fruit. A careful

housekeeper of my acquaintance ties a layer of paper around her glass jars after canning fruit in them. You have to screw the tops three successive days, as you can never screw them perfectly tight at first. Keep your glass jars in a moderately warm place in winter, as freezing will burst them. Tin cans, too, should be kept in a moderately warm place in winter, as they burst off the tops when they freeze.

As tomatoes are the most popular article for canning, I will subjoin exact directions for doing so. The same directions will also apply, in all essential particulars, to other vegetables. Most housekeepers wait till they have collected a large quantity of tomatoes for canning, but I find it a more convenient plan to can a few quarts daily. If I have a gallon of surplus tomatoes, I pour scalding water over them before breakfast, and then peel and cut them up ready for boiling immediately after breakfast, while the stove is still hot, and before there is danger of interfering with dinner. I find that iron dinner pots washed perfectly clean and free from grease will answer very well for canning tomatoes, and will save an endless scouring of the brass kettle. As soon as I put the tomatoes on the stove, I collect up everything needed in the process of canning. I lay an old newspaper on the kitchen table, and set the cans on it. I make sure that the tops fit exactly, else the cans will not keep. I put on the cement to dissolve in an old frying pan, and keep a pewter kitchen spoon to dip it up with. When the tomatoes come to a boil I dip them up with a tin dipper, and pour them into the cans, filling these to the brim. Then I take a soft, old cloth and wipe the rims over and over again. Then I press the tops firmly down and again pass a cloth around the rims, as pressing down the tops will sometimes force out a little of the tomato juice. Then I pour the melted cement around the rim of the can. If there is any sound of hiss-

ing, it indicates the presence of moisture and I stop short. If I cannot dry the rim when partly cemented, I take it off and dry again, going again over the process of sealing it up. I then put the cans in some readily accessible place for several days, where I can watch them and see if they are keeping. If a bubble appears, breaking through the cement, I open it immediately and use the tomatoes that same day, in soup, or stewed or baked.

It is said that no amateur is able to can corn, but it can be canned successfully at home, by being mixed with tomatoes. Boil tender young ears of corn till they are almost done, then cut them off the cob and mix with boiling hot tomatoes.

If you will take care of your cans you will be able to use them several seasons. As soon as you have emptied the contents, wash the cans, dry them thoroughly, and rub them if any discoloration appears. Then lock them up till next season, for if you leave them out servants will use them for every kind of rough purpose. The same cement may be used year after year, if you will put it away when you open your cans. Half-gallon cans will save you a good deal of trouble, and can be used very well in very cold weather, when the contents will keep several days after being opened. Quarts cans, that can be used in one day, are best for spring, however.

Fruit canning is an easier and a pleasanter job than putting up vegetables. When you can peaches, let them be just ripe, as the overripe ones fall to pieces. Put them on in a brass or porcelain kettle with enough water to keep them from sticking, let them come to a boil and then can them by the directions given above.

Some persons sweeten them, but there is no necessity to do so till you put them on the table. If you put them up boiling hot and make them perfectly air-tight, they will keep as well without sugar as with it. Some persons boil them in the glass jars, putting the jars in a large vessel (say a dishpan) half full of water, which is gradually heated on the stove. The fruit will, of course, shrink as it heats, so your will have to take about one jar out of four to fill up the other three when they all get boiling hot. Pears and apples may be canned in the same way, but I generally can apples in tin vessels, selecting such apples as will not keep till winter, or picking over the fine winter apples and taking out all that have any decayed specks in them. A nice way to can apples is to prepare them exactly as you would for apple float, stewing them down fine and running them through a colander. It makes a delightful dessert in winter, flavored with a little lemon-juice, with the addition of white sugar, and the stiffey, frothed whites of two eggs. You may not only use canned peaches just as they are, but you may mash them up and make delightful peach cream out of them, or you may make preserves of them, if your stock of preserves should run short.

A housekeeper who is a thorough adept in canning can almost annihilate the distinctions of the seasons, placing before her family amid the bleakest snows of winter the most choice productions of the summer. Let her consider no pains too great which will enable her to obtain an art that will so greatly add to the health and comfort of her household.

MARY W. EARLY.

HOW TO RAISE ROSES AND OTHER FLOWERS FROM CUTTINGS.

THE rose has been called the Queen of Flowers, and richly does it deserve the name, for take it all in all there is no one class of flowers that gives the pleasure and satisfaction that roses do. If you want to have them blooming in the winter you can have them do so by taking them in a pit or green-house, but if you do not care to take that trouble, why you can have them out-of-doors, and with slight protection only they will stand our severest winters, and be ready when springtime comes to send up many branches, and in due season be crowned with fragrant, lovely blossoms. What is more exquisite than a half-open Marechal Niel, or a Solfature or Devoniensis or Duchesse de Brabant, or the old but ever favorite Safrano?

But it is not of the varieties that I shall speak, for they are countless; but how to propagate them from cuttings. There are many gardeners now who furnish them so cheaply that it seems hardly worth the trouble of raising them. But there is a much greater charm about plants that we raise ourselves than any we can buy, at least there is to me. Then, too, when you put out your own cuttings you know exactly what your rose will be like, which is not always the case when you buy by description.

Another thing about the small and cheap plants you get by mail is, that there is always the greater danger of their dying in transplanting from one soil to another, and from a cooler to a warmer climate. Those you raise yourself by

careful taking up when you wish to repot them, you need not even shake the soil from the tiny, tender roots, and they do not have to run the risk of transportation.

From the latter part of July till the latter part of September cuttings can be put down, but the month of August is preferable to either July or September.

A pit is decidedly the best place to start slips in; but you may be very successful out-of-doors if you keep your box in a shaded spot or on the ground. Keep them very much shaded for the first few days, and after that gradually accustom them to the sunlight until they have rooted well. Always keep them moist but not wet so that the water stands in it.

First of all get nice fine sand and wash it free from all other soil. Wash it until the water will not be discolored. The least troublesome way of starting them is to set each slip in a little nourisher about two inches across the top, fill them with this sand, and then set all these in a box or frame filled with about two inches of sand. Then, when the cutting has taken root, you can easily transplant to larger pots, with more nourishing soil than simple sand.

If it is not convenient, however, to get these little nourishers, you can still have great success by setting them in a box. Take a good-sized box—a long one is most easily handled, about six inches in depth, and put in the bottom soil to the depth of two inches. Let this soil be composed of equal proportions well-rotted manure and good friable soil—I like cow-pen manure extremely for roses, but *well-rotted hog-*

pen or hen-house manure answers well—spread sand to the depth of three inches smoothly on this soil, water it freely and it is ready for your cuttings. I put this soil at the bottom, because in raising them all together so you cannot move them so soon as from the nourisher, and the little roots must have richer food than the sand affords. Unless the roses grow uncommonly fast, as they do when all conditions are favorable, I do not transplant until the following spring. I think it best to keep your roses in pots and in the pit or some protected locality for the first summer after rooting them, and transplant to open ground early enough in autumn for them to strike down and take hold. They are very apt to succumb to our long dry spells in midsummer unless you have unusual facilities for watering.

The best part to get for cuttings is the little stem or branch on which a rose has bloomed, unless the rose has been broken off closely where it puts out from the main stem. Break it with a downward motion, pull it down where it puts out from the main stem, and this will have a kind of little knot, which leave. If there is any bark attached chip that off so it will slip smoothly in the sand. Cut off the leaves and stick it in the sand about two inches deep. Keep the sand moist, as I said above, and if you have a pit set it for a few days on the bottom of it and then raise it higher. I whitewash my pit sashes every summer, so the heat and light are tempered to the plants left in it. I keep the sashes about half way down, which seems to suit the flowers best.

If these directions are closely followed I am sure you will be rewarded with many roses and for not a great deal of trouble after the first. If one loves flowers, the necessary care is not a burden but a real pleasure.

I would suggest that you put out a good many cuttings of each variety, so you may be sure of one or several roses of all kinds. If you are near a market you may be able to dispose of any surplus you may have if there is need to, and if not, a pretty young rose is always a nice present for a friend.

Your roses that are growing out-of-doors will be greatly benefited if you will have the earth dug from around them and fill in the hole with from a peck to a half bushel or more, even if your bush is large, of well-rotted manure and then pull the earth back over the manure. You will have no need to do anything else to them, and the next season you will be rewarded by an abundant supply of handsome roses.

Every garden should have a goodly array of our old-fashioned June roses, but these put up so many roots that we need not take the trouble to raise these from cuttings, for if any of your neighbors have these I am sure they will be willing to share their blessings.

Geraniums, heliotropes, fuchsias, and other flowers may be rooted in the same way and now is a very good time to start plants. Geraniums should be broken off for cuttings when they are brittle and will snap off clean. Heliotropes and fuchsias need a harder growth. Trusting that all who try will have as great success as I have I will say adieu.

N. C.

SUDDEN FORGETFULNESS.

NOT many things are more surprising than the lapses of memory one sometimes meets with in persons whose powers of mind, both natural and acquired, are considered to be much above the average. It would be folly to expect grapes from gooseberry bushes or figs from fir-trees; and it would be as preposterous to look for anything but unwisdom from the foolish; but we do expect wisdom from the wise; and above all do we anticipate expertness from the really clever. And yet, what breakdowns do happen now and again in the Senate, on the platform, in the pulpit, and even on the stage, and not seldom the more skillful the person the more curious the catastrophe.

In a recently published letter of Thackeray's we have a description of the sudden forgetfulness he was subjected to at the Literary Fund dinner. He was one of the speakers, and he describes the affair as an "awful smash." Of the thread of his discourse he seems to have said, not in the words, but in the spirit of an old dramatist:

'Tis lost;

Like what we think can never shun remembrance,

Yet of a sudden's gone beyond the clouds.

But the experience of the author of *Vanity Fair* was far from being singular to himself. Others have got their pearls of thought and illustration into the wrong places, nay, some have even been so unfortunate as to lose both the pearls and their setting. It seems to have been

a trying time for Thackeray, and he sat down afterward and described to a friend what a fool he had made of himself; but his mother, who had contrived to be within hearing, came to the opposite conclusion.

The Senate is not free from cases of sudden forgetfulness, though, in the days when it was considered out of place to use manuscript, the lapses took place much more often. Nowadays, a case seldom happens unless the notes have been disarranged or mislaid, or when the "paper gives out." But the thing does occur, and to front-bench men and back-bench men alike. Not long since, an ex-cabinet minister collapsed completely from failure of memory, and he was shortly afterward translated, perhaps by way of consolation, to the House of Peers. Only the other day, too, a member with a grievance made an "awful smash," to the delight of the House, through not being able to get at his notes; but he has had no consolation and little peace since.

Sudden forgetfulness is not an unusual thing in the pulpit. Aubrey the antiquary says that when he was a freshman at college he heard Dr. Sanderson, Bishop of Lincoln, well known for his work, *Nine Cases of Conscience*, break down in the middle of the Lord's Prayer. Even the great French preacher Massillon once stopped in the middle of a sermon from a defect of memory; and Massillon himself recorded that the same thing happened through excess of apprehension

to two other preachers whom he went to hear in different parts of the same day. Another French preacher stopped in the middle of a sermon and was unable to proceed. The pause was, however, got over ingeniously. "Friends," said he, "I had forgot to say that a person much afflicted is recommended to your immediate prayers." He meant himself. He fell on his knees; and before he rose he had recovered the thread of his discourse, which he concluded without his want of memory being perceived.

The late Rev. Henry Ware, of Boston, was once in a similar predicament. In the middle of a sermon his memory failed him and he stopped abruptly. The pause seemed long to the preacher before he regained his thought, and he imagined the sermon to be a failure in consequence; but as he walked quietly up the aisle, a different impression was given him. "How did you like the sermon?" asked one hearer of another. "Like it? It is the best sermon Mr. Ware has ever preached. That pause was sublime!"

A good illustration of this sudden forgetfulness comes from the same district of Boston. A worthy minister there is not only absent-minded and has a short memory, but he breaks down as continually as he breaks down suddenly. To counteract this, it is a habit with him, when he forgets anything, to rise again and make a few supplementary remarks, which he always begins with the phrase, "By the way." One Sunday he got half-way through a prayer from memory, when he hesitated, forgot what he was about, and sat down abruptly without pronouncing the closing word. In a moment or two he rose, and pointing his finger at the amazed congregation, he exclaimed: "Oh! by the way, Amen!"

It is said of Father Taylor, a preacher to sailors, that once, when he got confused he cried out: "Boys, I've lost my nominative case; but never mind—we're on the way to glory!"

We can understand a lapse of memory taking place when the mind is overburdened and unusual demands are being made upon it; but for a failure to occur when there is no stress put upon the mental powers is singular. Here is a case in point. We are told on good authority that a prominent Harvard Professor went into the old Cambridge post-office and presented himself at the place where the delivery of letters was made. He stood there silent, but apparently very confused about something. The clerk in charge inquired what he desired. "My letters, please." "Name, sir?" asked the clerk. After stammering and stuttering, the learned man said: "I have quite forgotten my name!" The official knew the Professor, and with a smile handed him his letters.

"You will forget your own name next," is a phrase often thrown at the stupid, and perhaps there would be some excuse for them even if they did so.

There is some consolation, however, in cases of sudden forgetfulness; the pity is that it does not come soon enough to benefit fully, and at times it is denied altogether to the actor. As for the orator, he knows afterward that none but himself is aware of the valuable forgotten things, and the difference between the projected ideal and the actual performance. It would have been a great saving of nerve-force, and a pleasurable emotion to have thought of those two items before he had wished himself a thousand miles away, and before the room swam round, and before he burst into perspiration at every pore.

MOTHERS.

UPON A RAINY DAY.

THERE are few people who can contemplate with equanimity the prospect of a rainy day. The pleasure-seeker finds his plans frustrated, the idler gloomily wonders how he shall kill time, the worker conjures up visions of wet walks, damp clothing, possible coughs and colds, and the attendant doctor's bill; and however much mankind may agree as to the necessity and utility of rain, there are few people who can bear without grumbling the discomfort which it entails. Perhaps, however, there is no one who has more reason to dread a steady downpour than the mother with her family of little ones around her. Too well she knows what the day's experience will be like. Debarred from their usual out-door enjoyments—depressed as children readily are by a gloomy day—they soon become tired of their toys and each other's society, and countless are the demands made upon the mother's skill and patience. With a hundred household duties calling for attention, she must yet find time to bind up a cut finger, to kiss a bumped forehead, to check the inclination to quarrel, to guide mischievous fingers into legitimate channels of employment, and to devise countless amusements to make the time pass pleasantly. Eye, ear, and voice must be ever on the alert until the tired eyelids close; and the mother with a thankful heart tucks her little ones snugly into bed, and hopes for a brighter morrow.

Many of these much-tried mothers would doubtless be glad to hear of pleasant employments for little fingers, which will beguile the tedium of a rainy day and preserve peace and harmony. Those amusements, of which I propose writing, are familiar to every infant-school teacher,

who finds in them a great resource for cold, dull days; but in private houses they are little known. Every mother knows that the prospect of being useful is always pleasing to a child, and therefore the proposal to make a cushion for mother's chair, or a pillow to be given to some poor person, will be hailed with delight.

To make the cushion, provide the children with scraps from the rag-bag—small pieces of cloth, snippings from dresses—anything that is soft, in fact, and that cannot be applied to any other purpose—and let them cut them up into tiny pieces until there are enough for the purpose. Fingers will move busily over this work, the gloomy weather will be forgotten, and great will be the fun in seeing who can get the largest pile. If children have not been taught to use scissors, and mothers are fearful that they should hurt themselves, a safer occupation may be found in making a paper pillow.

Divide a newspaper into small portions and give each child a piece to tear into fragments. It will take a long time to get a sufficient quantity and will find employment for many a rainy day.

Although to those accustomed to cushions of down these home-made ones may seem uninviting, still they are by no means to be despised, and in many a poor home would be gladly welcomed; while children may thus be early taught the pleasure of working for others. Perhaps some one will say that all this snipping and tearing will make a dreadful mess, and will add to instead of lessen the mother's work. There is no necessity for this, however, if the mother will insist upon every scrap being picked up and everything put away into its proper place. A wise mother will always make it a rule for children to put away their own toys, thereby not only sav-

ing herself trouble but teaching her little ones habits of tidiness and thoughtfulness for others.

Another amusement much liked by children is that of making necklaces. Large beads of different colors may be bought very cheaply and will give delight for many hours. Indeed, children never seem to weary of threading and unthreading them. Pretty necklaces may also be made with small pieces of straw and colored paper. The straw may be bought in bundles from a stationer's or fancy repository, and after being soaked in water, is cut into pieces about an inch long. The colored paper is cut into tiny squares and is threaded by the aid of a needle and cotton alternately with the straw. I should advise that the cotton be tied into the needle, as young children readily get their needles unthreaded. Some of the Kindergarten occupations might also be employed with advantage, especially those of pricking and embroidering. In pricking, a few simple drawing copies are necessary. One of these is placed on the top of a plain piece of cardboard and pricked at regular intervals. On removing the drawing the design will be found to be pricked out on the plain card. This may afterward be embroidered with colored wools.

Another source of infinite amusement may be found in making a scrap-book. Old Christmas and New Year's cards, birthday cards, colored advertisements, cuttings from pictorial papers, may all be used for this purpose. The book will be more durable if made of holland and will be sure to give more lasting delight than the costliest picture-book the shops could furnish. Little girls often find pleasure in learning to turn down a hem. The white border of a newspaper is useful for beginners, and when one can be turned

down readily on this, pieces of calico may be given.

It would gratify a child's ambition to be able to make a ball for baby, so I will give directions how this should be done. Cut two round pieces of cardboard about four inches in diameter; and from the centre of each cut out a circle about two inches across. Take the two larger pieces and lay one on the top of the other, with a strong piece of string between. Now take any scraps of colored wool and thread them through the hole in the centre until it is filled up. Then with a sharp pair of scissors cut through all the wool on the outside edge and tie the string securely in the middle. The cardboard will then fall out. Trim the ball evenly with a sharp pair of scissors and you will have a safe and delightful plaything for baby.

I have often wondered why mothers do not teach their children more rhymes and songs. So many books are published now containing pretty songs with music for children that it would not be difficult to make a selection, and when the little ones are tired of play and the mother is busy at her sewing, it would be found a pleasant task to let them repeat the words of some pretty song until it is learned by heart.

Perhaps the preparation for some of these amusements may entail a little extra work upon the mother; but no wise parent will grudge a few minutes spent in this way if it insures the happiness of her little ones. She will know that idleness is always productive of mischief, quarreling, and ill-temper; and she will try by the means of pleasant occupations to make the time pass smoothly, and help her children "to make sunshine in the house, when there is none without."

HOUSEKEEPERS.

HELPS AND ECONOMIES IN HOUSE-KEEPING.

EVERY housekeeper must find out by actual experience and practice many convenient and economical ways of doing things that cannot fail to be of help to others. Off in the country we are thrown much upon our own resources and inventions and do not know even of the many time and labor-saving conveniences that a five and ten cent store even is filled with. I never go to the city that I do not find something new and useful. But there are some things that money cannot supply, and of these I propose to speak.

Every one who makes light bread knows how troublesome it is getting the dough off the sides of the jar or tin in which the bread is put to rise the first time, and it was only after much tribulation and many trials that I at last discovered a way to prevent it. It was so simple that the only wonder was I had not thought of it long ago, and perhaps many have. It was simply greasing with lard the bottom and sides of the vessel in which the dough is set to rise (I use a stone jar or crock). After this discovery I have had no more trouble. I always like to wash and put away everything as I finish with them, for besides the unsettled feeling that one has in unfinished work, the constant dipping of the hands in water makes the hands very rough and often painful in cold weather, and every washing of the hands adds to the discomfort, and in this way by being able to clean the jar when other things are to be washed and the dough washed from the hands when the bread is set to rise for baking, one dipping of the hands in water is saved and that is something. Often before this I would have to set the jar one side, filled with water, to

soften the dough or have a tedious, tiresome time scraping it off.

If your bread gets a hard crust on it before it has finished rising dip a soft, old cloth in warm water, wring it as dry as you can and lay it over the dough, touching it, and it will soon soften this crust and the bread finish rising, which otherwise it couldn't do.

I have found buttermilk a great help in housekeeping in many ways besides as a drink for man and beast and its use in cooking. It is a great cleanser and purifier. If you have bottles or jars with a disagreeable odor fill them with buttermilk and let stand for a day or so, then pour out and wash out well with warm soap-suds and you will find all disagreeable smell gone. In very bad cases it may be repeated several times or the milk allowed to stand for a longer time. It is also excellent for taking mildew out of white goods. Let the goods stand in the buttermilk in the sun for several days and unless the article is deeply mildewed the spots will have disappeared. Buttermilk is so easily obtained in the country that it is well to know its uses.

Sometimes the tins will get leaky and we put to considerable inconvenience before their place can be supplied. A good way of stopping them from leaking when used for buttermilk is simply to put some dry corn-meal over the hole or holes before the milk is poured in and the leak is effectually stopped. Flour may do as well, but I have always used the corn-meal.

It is a good plan to tie conspicuous strings on keys that are in constant use so that if lost they are the more readily found. In the South we have to keep all our out-houses locked, corn-houses, smoke-houses, hen-houses, ice-houses, etc., etc., and the keys are often lost or mislaid, and

I cannot tell what an amount of trouble has been saved me since I adopted this plan. On some I have quite a large string of red flannel and on some yellow and some blue, and so on. I even put red strings on my press and closet lock keys.

If your rooms are heated with stoves or fire-places, I would suggest that in every room so heated, a wood-box be kept well filled with dry wood and kindling-wood. If you use coal you can keep coal in a box in the room and you will find it a great saving of trouble, particularly if you do not keep many servants. I always keep a box of dry chips and kindling-wood split in small pieces, so as to light a fire quickly, besides some very fat light wood or pine knots split in small pieces. If I should not have this latter, I keep a small bottle of kerosene oil and saturate a corn-cob with it, and this lights up the instant the match or light is applied. I would only suggest this, though, to be used in the most careful manner, never using more than a small bottle of the oil to saturate the cob with, and not having that near a blaze. Never use a can of oil, for if that were to catch the consequences would be, or might be, fearful indeed. With a small bottle not so much harm would be done if it did catch fire.

Have a box of folded paper-lighters in each room. They are a great convenience for lighting lamps, and when gentlemen smoke, for them to light the cigar or pipe. A mustard box or any box of suitable size can be prettily ornamented so that it will be an ornament to the room, besides a thing of use.

Another suggestion and I am done. It is this, that any lady who can drive a nail keep a little box of light tools for her own use and she will be surprised to find what a help they are. Often there is just a little mending to be done, which, if done in time, is like "the stitch in time that saves nine." I have kept a tool-box for years, with a light little hammer, a screw-driver, one of those tool holders with different kind of bits, and different sized nails and tacks and screws, and various things of that sort in it, and it has been of the greatest use to more than one member of the family. I will see my brother often going to my tool-box for something to assist him in his work on

some farming implement. I would be very glad of more helps about house-keeping from some of the readers of your excellent magazine.

N. C.

HASH.

THIS is the recipe for "heavenly hash," the newest fashionable dish: Oranges, bananas, lemons, apples, raisins, and pine-apples are cut up into little bits, worked just enough to thicken their juices, and then served with a little grated nutmeg. But the serving is the pretty part. Cut a hole just large enough to admit a spoon in the stem end of an orange, and through this hole take out all the inside of the orange, which you then fill with the "heavenly hash," and serve on a pretty little fruit dish, with lemon or orange leaves.

CAKES.

AN abundance of fresh eggs suggests to the housekeeper that certainly something very delicate might be achieved by their use, and there certainly can be.

What poetry is to prose, so is sponge cake to ordinary cake, a golden puff or a vision of feathery whiteness.

Deftness in handling and care in the order of mixing the various ingredients are important factors in the making of all kinds of sponge cakes.

The eggs must be fresh, the sugar dry, the flour sifted until light, cream of tartar and soda used instead of baking powder to insure a fine-grained, moist, and delicate cake. Baking powder can be used, but at the expense of the velvety texture.

The following is known by a large circle of nephews and nieces who have tested its qualities, just warm from the oven, at many a tea, as Auntie's Sponge Cake.

Take four eggs, beat separately, one glass of sugar, rounded full, one glass of flour packed and rounded, one-fourth of a glass of water. The lightness of this cake depends entirely on the eggs, which must be perfectly fresh and beaten thoroughly stiff. No cream of tartar, soda, or baking powder is used.

For eating with creams, ices or very finely flavored fresh fruits, white sponge cake is particularly suited. Any one following exactly the directions given will

certainly be proud of the result of their effort.

On a large platter, using a thin, flat case-knife beat to a stiff froth the whites of ten eggs. They will stiffen more quickly if the platter is very cold.

Sift twice through a sieve a tumbler and a half of pulverized sugar, one of flour, one heaping teaspoonful of cream of tartar, and a small pinch of salt; mix this a little at a time, stirring lightly into the platter of eggs. Use rosewater for flavoring. Bake in a rather quick oven. Let the cake cool before attempting to take out of the pan, which must not be greased.

Differing much in taste from either of the former and more quickly made is hot water sponge cake.

Beat four eggs and two cups of sugar together, add two cups of flour in which three and one-half teaspoonfuls of baking powder has been stirred, one teaspoonful of lemon extract, lastly three-quarters of a cup of boiling water. Bake immediately.

Another very delicate cake, to serve with sugared fruits, is made by beating one cup of butter and two cups of pulverized sugar to a cream, add two full cups of flour, in which is mixed two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar, and three-fourths of a cup of corn-starch, three-fourths of a cup of milk in which is dissolved a teaspoonful of soda. Lastly, add the whites of six eggs well beaten.

This cake can be flavored with vanilla, and is then delicious with chocolate cream.

When it is desirable to have a layer cake, an orange cake will be most appetizing and so delicate when made according to this recipe, that even a non-cake eater need not fear to prove its enticing odor and tempting looks.

Separate the yolks and whites of five eggs. Froth four of the whites, reserving one for the frosting.

To the yolks add two even teacupfuls of sugar. Stir until full of bubbles, then add two cups of flour, containing two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar, half a cup of water in which is dissolved a teaspoonful of soda, the grated rind and juice of

one large orange. Bake in four layers. Now beat the reserved white of egg with pulverized sugar until stiff, add the juice and part of the grated rind of an orange. Spread between layers. To the remainder add more sugar and use to frost the top and sides of the cake.

A most excellent loaf cake for serving with fruit is made in this way:

One cup of butter, two and one-half cups of sugar, one cup of sweet milk, four cups of flour, three teaspoonfuls of baking powder, six eggs. Mix the butter and sugar, then add the milk and flour with the baking powder mixed thoroughly in it. Lastly the eggs broken in one by one without beating. The ingredients must be mixed in the exact order and manner given or the cake will not possess the peculiar flavor which constitutes its excellence.

When in some sudden emergency it is necessary to provide several varieties of cake and but a small quantity of each will be needed, if the following plan is adopted the housekeeper will not be annoyed by having several partly used cakes grow stale on her hands:

Make a batter by the above recipe, divide into two parts. To one add raisins, citron, and spices. Butter a long, deep tin. Turn the light batter in one end, in the other that with the fruit. Where they come together the mingling may be helped a little with a spoon. When baked and cold you can cut from one loaf three kinds of cake—a rich fruit cake, a light loaf, and a beautifully marbled cake.

A cake known in the family as Gurnsey cake, the recipe for which dates from the time of Charles II, is made by taking one pint of light bread dough, one cup of zante currants, the whites of two eggs and three tablespoonfuls of sugar. Work all well together and mold into a round loaf, which let rise until perfectly light. Bake thoroughly until a bright brown.

It possesses a very pleasant flavor, given by the currants, and will be particularly appreciated with a cup of coffee for luncheon.

MARTHA CRANE.

NOTES FROM "HOME" HOUSEKEEPERS.

Well-tried recipes, helpful suggestions, and plain, practical "talks" on all subjects of special interest to housekeepers will be welcome for this department, which we have reason to believe most of our readers will find interesting no less than useful. Our "HOME" friends will here have opportunities of assisting each other by gifting timely and helpful replies and letters, and of asking information concerning any subject they wish light upon. All communications designed for this department should be addressed to the Editor "HOME" Housekeeper, P. O. Box 913, Philadelphia, Pa.

FROM DOROTHEA.

WILL the editor of our "HOME" department allow room here for "Dorothea" to thank "Brownie" for her kindly words, and assure her that her friendship would be very welcome? I am more proud and thankful when some token comes to me that I have helped some other heart than I would be if I had attained art's highest fame.

Referring to one of my poems, printed in our "HOME" MAGAZINE, a lady writes me: "I cannot thank you enough for your poem, or tell you how much good it has done me. I see life in a new light, and take comfort. Your words show me as I never saw before, how it is not what we *do*, but what we *try* to do, that makes life's pattern whole."

Life is full of cares and disappointments, yet let us not dwell upon them but bear them with patience, if they must be borne, and look ever for the "silver lining." If it does not shine for us, perhaps our hand may draw the folds aside so that the light may shine on some other heart. At least, we know that, if met in the right spirit, even our trials are good for us, and we can try to help ourselves and each other.

Our magazine is like an angel in the

household, ever bringing help and good cheer. Let us, within its pages, offer our best to each other, from the practical hints that make life's burdens lighter, up to the helpful hints for the soul that shall brighten and glorify its way, "till finished shines the work the Master gave."

DOROTHEA.

[Yours is the true philosophy. There is no trouble so grievous, we think, that it may not be brightened—if one would try to see its brightest side. Too many are prone to nurse their trials, thus aiding them to abnormal growth. Let us all strive to cultivate that rare, patient, sunny spirit which, finding the good in everything, blesses its possessor and makes life better worth the living for all within its circle.]

USEFUL HINTS AND RECIPES.

DEAR EDITOR:—The "HOME" has been a member of our family, I think, for twenty years, and I have derived so much good from it that I begin to feel as if I should "lend a hand," at least in the cooking line. Accordingly, I send a few recipes which are simple and convenient at a season when there is little to utilize for pies, puddings, etc.

CREAM PIES.—Line pie-pans with lower crust, and bake. Take one pint of milk, one cup of sugar, one-half cup of flour, and yolks of two eggs. Heat the milk, beat the other ingredients together, stir into the milk and let boil until it thickens—not letting it get too stiff, as it gets a little stiffer when cold. Remove from the stove, flavor to taste, and pour into the baked pie-crust. Beat the whites of eggs stiff, add a little sugar, pour over the tops

of the pies, and set in the oven to brown. The above makes two pies. The cream mixture may be cooked by setting the vessel in another of hot water, or by putting the dish directly on the stove, in which case stir constantly so that the mixture may not burn. I learned years ago what I find many do not know—that in mixing for lemon or cream pies, pudding sauce, and things of like nature, if the sugar and flour are mixed together dry all danger of the flour lumping is avoided.

ORANGE PUDDING.—Remove skins and seeds from six oranges, and cut in small pieces in the dish you wish to use for the table. Add one-half cup of sugar. Make a soft custard with two tablespoonfuls of corn-starch, one-half cup of sugar, yolks of three eggs, and one pint of milk. When nearly cold, pour this over the orange, beat the whites of the eggs stiff, add a little sugar, spread on the top, and brown in the oven. This may be made early in the morning or even the day before wanted, and is just as good. Eat with cream and sugar, or sauce, if desired. For a sauce I often beat an egg, add a little sugar, flavor with vanilla, and pour over all some hot milk.

RHUBARB PUDDING.—Prepare rhubarb as for pies. Cover the bottom of the pudding dish with a layer of slices of bread-and-butter, then a layer of rhubarb, then of sugar, and so continue until the dish is full, having bread-and-butter on top. Cover with a plate, or other cover, and bake about three-quarters of an hour, then remove the cover for about ten minutes and let the pudding brown. Eat hot, with sauce. Caution: Do not use too much rhubarb. This is a handy pudding for washing or ironing-day, or when some unexpected guest arrives just before the dinner hour. Although living in the city, I have a few rhubarb roots in the back yard, upon which I can rely in spring, summer, and fall. Last year I canned quite a good deal, and our winter puddings and pies of rhubarb were almost like fresh.

HARD PUDDING SAUCE.—Six tablespoonfuls of sugar, three tablespoonfuls of butter. Rub to a cream, flavor or not as preferred—a little jelly is nice.

JEANNETTE.

[Your "budget" is very acceptable, and we hope you will "lend a hand" frequently. Can you not give our housekeepers the method of canning rhubarb with which you are so successful?]

EXPERIMENTS.

EDITOR "HOME" HOUSEKEEPER:—Your department is so enticing to us other housekeepers that I am going to edge in if I can, because I think we ought to give a little where we receive so much.

Perhaps some of the sisters have been troubled, as I often have, by an obstinate fruit can cover which utterly refused to yield either to force or muscle or can-opener. I don't exert myself in that way any more. I simply invert the can in a saucer and pour just hot water enough around it to cover the fruit jar cover. In two or three minutes, or even less, it will unscrew without the least resistance.

I have also a new, to me, way of cooking a tough piece of meat so that it is tender and delicious—as nice as an oven roast and as cheap as you please. Take a deep kettle, invert a basin or even a plate, in it, and put in just hot water enough to come to the top, but not over it. Upon this place your meat, without seasoning, and boil until tender, closely covered. I must warn you to watch closely that the water does not boil out, and when replenishing pour in carefully with a dipper, using hot water and not allowing it to touch the meat. When done tender it may be placed in a dripping-pan, seasoned with salt and pepper and browned slightly in the oven, or it may be seasoned and used directly from the kettle. In either way it will be found excellent, and a change from the boiled or stewed meat. Under the basin will be found the drippings, sufficient for gravy.

I used to say that during the first year of our married life I fed my husband on "experiments." Occasionally I give him one nowadays in memory of those days of bliss, and burnt potatoes, and biscuit with the baking powder left out. Only these later ones are more frequently successful. Here is my last, which was praised in word as well as in that more emphatic way which took the last crumb and wanted more. Thus: As many eggs as the size of your family warrants, or at

least one for each person. Beat up with a small spoonful of salt, two or three large spoonfuls of melted butter or lard, a cup of water or milk, flour enough to make it a thin batter, and one or two spoonfuls of baking powder. This may be baked in well-buttered muffin-pans or fried as an omelet. In either way it makes a good breakfast dish. It is also nice and a little more substantial with a cup of chopped meat added.

S. P. S.

[We want a record of these "experiments" right straight along, please, feeling assured that it will be appreciated by our band of "HOME" housekeepers.]

HELP FOR OTHERS.

DEAR EDITOR:—Will Hitty H. try my recipe for sponge "jelly roll" cake? If the directions for making are carefully followed there can be no such thing as failure. The eggs are not beaten separately, and the quicker the cake is put together the better it will be. Take two teacups of coffee A sugar, two teacups of sifted flour, two heaping teaspoonfuls of baking powder, into this break six good-sized eggs; beat all well together, turn into square jelly tins, and bake in a quick oven to a light brown. When done, turn out on a molding-board and spread quickly with jelly, trimming off the edges, if hard, with a sharp knife. Roll carefully and wrap each roll in a napkin or towel. It is best if eaten the day it is made, as it soon dries out. Have the jelly and all things ready to attend to each cake as soon as taken from the oven, and roll as quickly as possible.

May I help "A New Reader" with her pie-crust? I do not use as much shortening as is generally used. To one quart of sifted flour I add two heaping tablespoonfuls of lard or butter; mix thoroughly; use soft water for wetting if you have it, putting in a little at a time and stirring well with a spoon until wet enough to mold with the hand. Never knead it, as that will make it tough, and do not work with the hands more than is absolutely necessary to get all moist. Roll out at a time just sufficient to cover a plate so that as little as possible need be trimmed off, and for the top cut another piece and roll in the same way. If necessary to use the trimmings, take them for the bottom

crust, as they will be tougher. A little baking powder is nice to use—sift two teaspoonfuls with one quart of flour.

M. A. J.

THANKS AND RECIPES.

I want to thank E. A. C. for telling us how to make frosting so it will not crumble, also please accept thanks for beef soup recipe. By the way, busy mothers, do you ever let the little folks help you when you are baking? My little boy beats the whites of eggs as nicely as I can, though he is but six years old, getting them ready for use when I want them. It really helps me, and also teaches him to be useful. I inclose some tested recipes, which are very nice:

FIG CAKE.—One and one-half cups of white sugar, one-half cup of butter, one-half cup of water, one-half cup of corn-starch, one and one-half cups of flour, whites of six eggs, two teaspoons of baking powder. Beat the sugar and butter to a cream, add the water, then the corn-starch, flour, and baking powder and the whites of the eggs well beaten. Bake in jelly-pans, three or more. For the filling take the whites of three eggs, three small cups of sugar, put the sugar in a saucepan, moisten with one-half cup of water, boil (without stirring) until a thick syrup, then turn it, still boiling, into the beaten whites of the eggs, beating all the time. Continue to beat until perfectly light, then take out enough to ice the top of the cake, and stir into the remainder one pound of figs, cut in small pieces. This forms a stiff paste, with which spread the cake as you would with jelly, then ice the whole. Instead of figs, raisins or sliced citron may be used. Let me suggest that we put a spoonful of thick, sweet cream in, so that the icing will not break, as E. A. C. suggests.

ORANGE PIES.—Beat thoroughly the yolks of four eggs and four tablespoonfuls of flour, add four cups of sweet milk (cream is better), two cups of sugar, grated rind and juice of two oranges; bake in one crust. Beat the whites of the eggs to a froth, add two-thirds of a cup of sugar, spread on tops of pies, when done, return to the oven and brown a few minutes. This makes four pies, and is nice without the orange.

And here is my way of making lemon pies: Four eggs, one and one-half cups of sugar, two-thirds cup of water, two tablespoonfuls of flour, two lemons. Beat the yolks of the eggs very light, add the grated rind of the lemons and the sugar, beat well, then stir in the flour, add the lemon juice and then the water. Bake with one crust, and ice as directed for orange pie. This quantity makes two pies.

In giving a recipe for fruit cake in the May number, I see that I neglected to say "one cup of butter, and flour to make as stiff as common fruit cake." Will some of the "HOME" sisters please send their ways of making different jellies and preserves?

SISTER CLARA.

[Try this recipe for icing the "fig cake," sometime; it is more easily made than boiled icing; will not crack or peel off the cake when cut, and may be flavored as desired: To the white of one egg allow one cupful of confectioner's sugar, stirring together without first beating the former. The whites of eggs vary in size, and less than the quantity given is often required. Stir until very thick, then spread on the cake quickly, dipping the blade of your knife in cold water to assist in the process should the icing not smooth readily.]

A CALIFORNIA PUDDING.

DEAR SISTERS OF THE "HOME:"—I have been standing just outside the door for some time, listening and profiting by your useful chat, having long desired to enter. At last I come armed with a pudding which none can resist if they will only once try it. The recipe was evolved from a pie recipe, we thinking the pudding more healthful.

One heaping tablespoonful of corn-starch, wet up with cold water; one coffee-cup of boiling water poured on this, put one cup of sugar and a lump of butter the size of an egg in a bowl and pour the starch over it; beat the yolks of three eggs, and grate the rind of one lemon into them, adding the juice of the lemon; now stir this into the starch in the bowl. Take slices of stale bread, trim off the crust, butter lightly, and if quite dry dip into boiling water. Now, get your pudding

dish, put in part of the lemon mixture, lay in the slices of bread, and pour over them the remainder of the mixture. Turn over the dish a light plate or saucer to weight the bread down. Bake until it rises nicely all over, then remove the cover, spread on the whites of the eggs beaten with three tablespoonfuls of sugar, and return to the oven to brown.

If my explanation is long you will find the pudding quick to make, quick to bake, and very quickly eaten. I want to ask some questions, and would like to give some more hints, but fear to take up more space for the first time. Hoping to be "let in," I am,

CALIFORNIA COOK.

[The latch-string of the "HOME" Housekeeper is always out. Ask all the questions you wish, and do not be chary of the "hints."]

TESTED RECIPES.

DEAR EDITOR:—The "HOME" Magazine has been a welcome visitor at our house for twenty-five years and I am much interested in the housekeepers' department, thinking many times I would like to add my "mite" to the useful hints contained therein. I like F. E. S.'s way of making dumplings, but fear I would not have success with the cooking, as I think the knack of having light ones lies in that. If one has plenty of cream and buttermilk, here is a good rule: Take some flour, put in a level teaspoonful of cream tartar (pure or medicinal), a teaspoonful of soda, rub it into the flour, add two or three tablespoonfuls of cream and a good teacupful of buttermilk, knead smoothly, roll to half an inch thick, and cut in squares with a knife to save molding any over. Have just water enough so they will lie on the meat in the kettle, cover quickly and closely, keep boiling briskly and do not lift the cover until sure they are done, which will be in from five to ten minutes. Then take out immediately.

J. L.

A nice recipe for pudding sauce was asked for, so I will send mine. We think it excellent: One cup of powdered sugar,

add to this a small piece of butter, one teaspoonful of vanilla, and two teaspoonfuls of cold water. Mix these well together and just before taking to the table add a well-beaten egg, beat all thoroughly together and add a half-cup of boiling water.

SQUASH MUFFINS.—One cup of cooked squash, one cup of milk, two cups of flour, one-half cup of sugar, one egg, a little salt, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder mixed in the flour. These are very nice.

G. A.

[Do not be afraid of "filling the waste-basket." We shall be glad of other tested recipes, which, sooner or later, will find a place.]

STEAMED APPLE DUMPLINGS.—One pint of flour, one-half teaspoonful of soda, one teaspoonful of cream tartar, one tablespoonful of butter rubbed in, cold water enough to roll out. Put in a small, high basin, apples pared and sliced inside and fold the paste over the top. Steam one hour.

TEA CAKES.—One well-beaten egg, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, one cupful of sweet milk or water, one teaspoonful of soda dissolved in the milk, two teaspoonfuls of cream tartar, two heaping cupfuls of sifted flour, one tablespoonful of melted butter. Bake in gem pans.

CONSTANCE FULLER.

DEAR "HOME:"—I have read and been much pleased with the "HOME" Notes since January, when we began taking THE Magazine. Will send as my first contribution a recipe for good, cheap tea cake: Four eggs, one cup of sugar, one tablespoonful of butter, one-half cup of cold water, three teaspoonfuls of baking powder, and flour to make of the thickness of pancakes. Bake in three layers. Some put in spice, but this is left to taste.

Will some one please send directions for lace suitable for trimming coarse underclothing? I have some pretty patterns, which I will send if desired.

SISTER MARY.

[We have a pattern in hand from another "Sister Mary," which we think will please you, and which we will try to give

next month. The patterns you so kindly offer will be very acceptable; please be sure, however, to have them correct. To avoid errors, it is a good plan to work a sample of lace from the directions after they are written out.]

RASPBERRY SHRUB:—Pour one pint of good cider vinegar on three quarts of raspberries, let stand twelve hours, then strain through a jelly-bag, add one pound of sifted sugar to one pint of juice, let boil seven or eight minutes, and put up in bottles while hot, without sealing. When wanted for use fill a glass about one-third full, fill up with cold water, and you will have a most refreshing drink.

CURRANT SHRUB.—Boil together the juice of currants and sugar in the proportion of one pound of sugar to one pint of the juice; after allowing to boil for five minutes remove from the stove, stir until cold, then put in bottles. Mix with cold water to drink, as raspberry shrub.

LEMON SYRUP.—Rasp off the yellow rind of six lemons, put in a saucepan with one pound of sugar, wet with just water enough to melt, and let boil to a clear syrup. Add to this the juice of twelve lemons, stirring in over a slow fire, but without boiling any more. Put the syrup in bottles at once, but do not cork until cold. A little of this syrup in water is very nice to drink.

E. D.

[These recipes are very acceptable, although the first two are a little out of season. Will all our friends please remember that "Notes" should reach the "HOME" office at least two months in advance of publication?—that is, an article designed for use in the September number should be at Philadelphia in the early part of July.]

NOTELETS.

DEAR EDITOR:—I feel that an explanation is due the sisters of the "HOME" MAGAZINE with regard to the offer I made in the April number. In response to the same I have received upward of sixty very nice letters which I have answered as fast as I could, taking into consideration the fact that from the 1st of April until the latter part of July my time is occu-

pied with duties for which I am paid, from early morning until eleven and twelve o'clock at night. If the sisters will be a little patient I will respond to all, as I do not wish them to think me a "fraud."

MARIAN.

[We think there is not a reasonable chance of such a thing, since your offer was certainly not designed to benefit yourself, the suggestion of postage having come from us. Still, we are glad to publish your explanation and hope to hear from you again.]

DEAR EDITOR:—I am afraid my question does not come under the head of household topics, but if you would kindly tell me something about the language called "Volapuk" you would confer a favor. Is it the language of any people, or what has brought it to such prominent notice?

READER.

["Volapuk" is the name given his "universal language" by Johann Martin Schleyer, its inventor. He was born in Baden, Germany, in 1831, and entered the Catholic priesthood in 1856. Having a love for linguistic studies he lost no opportunities of acquiring from the various travelers, with whom he came in contact, a speaking knowledge of their different tongues, having mastered about fifty dialects and languages. These he studied, comparing their relative merits, until in 1879 the idea of a universal or neutral language possessed his mind, and during the spring of that year he constructed its entire grammar. In the same year he published his first book, following it with a grammar and dictionary. He is now retired on a pension and resides in Constance, where he devotes his energies to the propagation of the "Volapuk" idea, having sent out already numerous writings on the subject.]

"HOME" PUZZLES.

SOLUTIONS in the December number. Solvers' names in January number. All communications relative to this page must be addressed to the "Puzzle Editor HOME MAGAZINE," Box 913, Philadelphia, Pa.

"HOME" PUZZLE No. 37.

CHARADE.

My first is found in every land
I'm sure, from pole to pole;
And of so many varied kinds,
I could not name the whole.

A gift my second often is,
Large, small, and plain or grand;
But yet 'tis something I'd not care
To take from any hand.

My total is an article
Which common usage shows;
Its place in her domestic "sphere,"
Full many a housewife knows.

"LUCY FIRR."

"HOME" PUZZLE No. 38.

SQUARE WORD.

1. Pertaining to the side of the body. 2. The week immediately following a church

festival. 3. Purloined. 4. An ancient weight and denomination of money. 5. A passage. 6. Plain.

E. W. H.

"HOME" PUZZLE No. 39.

TRANSPOSITION.

"Trades vie! trades vie!"
Oft comes the cry;
And it is wise:
No better plan
To aid a man,
Could art devise.

SANTA PAULA.

"HOME" PUZZLE No. 40.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

My 1, 2, 3, is a point or extremity.
My 7, 4, 5, is an animal.
My 6, 9, 8, 10, is the fruit of a certain tree.
My whole, composed of 10 letters, is a famous sobriquet.

M. G. BROWN.

"HOME" PUZZLE No. 41.

APPELLATIONS.

1. Who was called the "Apostle of Temperance?"
2. What English king was known as "The Merry Monarch?"
3. Who was "The Little Corporal?"
4. To what officer of the Revolution was given the title, "Light-Horse Harry?"
5. Who was known as "The Learned Blacksmith?"

MRS. A. C. B.

"HOME" PUZZLE No. 42.

LETTER REBUS.



MABEL E.

ANSWERS TO AUGUST "HOME" PUZZLES.

No. 25.

Cur-few.

No. 26.

1. Et(chin)g. 2. Co(star)d. 3. S(haw)m. 4. Te(nail)le. 5. P(lash)oot. 6. M(use)um. 7. C(ruse)t.

No. 27.

"Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise."

No. 28.

1. M(o)use.
2. Lo(g)an.
3. Pit(c)h
4. Mo(u)th.
5. Fo(u)lly.

No. 30.
Disinclined.

No. 29.

F-urro-W
R-emor-A
E-grio-T
S-alut-E
H-arbo-R
Fresh-Water.

SOLVERS OF JULY "HOME" PUZZLES.

July "HOME" puzzles were solved (partially) by Vernie Cross, Addie Spear, H. L. Peterson, Mrs. H. D. S., Charlie M. Leggett, "Blue Bell," Pauline Wiley, L. C. F., Lulu J. Beebe, M. F. Christy, Wilhemina, J. F. D., Sara, Willie R. Allen, Nellie M. Lovelace, Carrie Joy, Perley H., "Roly-Poly," Harry F., G. H. G., "Molly Cule," Mrs. L. N., and Geordie.

ROLL OF HONOR.

Kate M. Johnson, "Katharine Tiptop," "Rhoda," H. P. Estabrooke, and "Tom Thumb."

PRIZE WINNERS.

For first complete list: "Katharine Tiptop." Second complete list: "Rhoda." Best incomplete list: Sara. Second best incomplete list: Nellie M. Lovelace.

COMPLETE LISTS.

1. "Off to the Geysers," by C. A. Stevens.
2. A linen tidy, stamped for working.

INCOMPLETE LISTS.

1. "Household Leaves," a manual of knitting and crocheting.
2. Six months' subscription to a household journal.

SPECIAL.

- No. 38. A scrap album.
- No. 40. A pretty birthday card.

CHAT.

C. R. T.—Glad you liked your prize, and hope you will receive many more.

Mrs. A. C. B.—Thank you for your contributions. Yes, we like to give a variety in prizes, and would be glad of suggestions from puzzlers.

Santa Paula.—Your puzzles are good and we shall be glad to receive others.



BABYLAND.

ONE VIOLET AWAKE.

"**W**HY are you weeping, Blue Eyes?"
"The beautiful violets are gone—
I saw them here in the marshes,
Where the glittering sunlight shone;
They smiled in my face one morning
Right here where the grass grows deep."
"Oh! hush, hush, hush, little Blue Eyes,
The summer has sung them to sleep."

"Why are you laughing, Blue Eyes,
And clapping you hands in glee?"
"I've found one dear little violet,
I've waken it up, you see."
"Oh! hush, hush, hush, little Blue Eyes,
Softly steal from this lonesome place,
For the kiss of the dying summer
Was breathed on the violet's face."

SAILOR.

WILLIE'S PARROT.

WILLIE'S parrot hopped out of her cage, saucily perched herself on the back of Aunt Sallie's chair, turned her head from one side to the other and screamed out:

"Pretty Poll! pretty Poll!"

"Pretty Poll!" echoed Willie, raising his culy head from his picture-book.

"Does my Polly want a cracker?"

"Polly wants a cracker. Pretty Polly wants a cracker," cried the bird, fluttering her bright wings and dancing on the knob of the chair.

So Willie jumped up and brought Polly a cracker, gave her a drink of water, and smoothed her feathers. And Polly, who was very fond of her little master, after she had eaten the cracker and drank the water, rubbed her beak against his cheek and held out her claw to shake a sociable "good evening." Then she hopped out the

window to see how the world at large was progressing.

Now Polly had a very good time, indeed, and she liked Cousin Sallie and Willie and Jim, the colored boy—in fact, everybody in the house except the doctor, and him she couldn't bear. "Get the doctor's horse, Jim," Polly would scream every time the poor, tired doctor came into the comfortable sitting-room to try and steal a little rest.

Well, on this particular evening the doctor, more tired than usual, was about to enter the side door when he heard a great splashing in the rain barrel under the spouting. Peering in he saw Polly in the last struggles of drowning.

"Oh! this will never do!" said the kind-hearted doctor. "What would my little boy say if Polly were to die?"

So he plunged his hand down into the cold water and rescued the dripping parrot, but when he got her out he shook her loose with a loud, "Oh!" for the naughty bird had given one of his fingers a terrible bite.

And there she sat on the door step, very miserable and weak and screamed out in a hoarse, quavering voice again and again: "Get the doctor's horse, Jim; the doctor done it;" for Miss Polly imagined she owed her pitiable condition to her little master's papa, and that was all the thanks the good man received from her.

L. R. BAKER.

NUTS.

WHO likes nuts? "I do,"
Barked a little squirrel, timid and sly.
Who likes nuts? "I do,"

Said a girlie, beginning to cry,
For, oh! that bad little rogue of a squirrel
Had carried them up so high.

Who'll have a nut? "I will."

The little squirrel sharpened his teeth.

Who'll have a nut? "I will!"

The little girl's eyes entreat.

And, oh! that good little pet of a squirrel

He dropped one down at her feet.

KATHARINE HULL.

KATY DIDN'T.

KATY BROWN was the smallest girl in the school and a right mischievous little girl into the bargain, so that when the clock was turned back half an hour at noon recess, every one accused Katy, the girls seeming to think that the teacher wouldn't be hard on such a little thing. But Miss Mary was very much displeased, and she said whoever had done it was to be kept in after school hours for three successive evenings. No positive proof could be brought against Katy, but she knew that Miss Mary thought she had done it. "Don't tell a story whatever you do, Katy Brown," she said. "I'll give you till to-morrow to think it over."

So while the other girls were running home from school playing "tag" and "catcher" Katy was walking slowly along the meadow path, crying quietly under her pink sunbonnet.

Suddenly right above her head she heard a shrill voice piping, "Katy did! Katy did!"

"You bad little green bug," she cried, and she pushed her sunbonnet back and shook her fist at the Katy-did. "I'm

going to tell my mamma on you, I am. You know very well I didn't do it. Liza Lamb went in the school-room and told me not to look, so I didn't even see the clock at noon. You're a bad, bad bug, you are!"

Then up from the ground hopped another green bug and sat on the little girl's hand and screamed out, "Katy didn't, Katy didn't."

"Oh! you dear little thing," cried Katy, closing her other hand carefully over it, and smiling through her tears. "You're a sweet little bug, you are! I'm going to take you home and put you on my papa's rosebush, I am. You know I didn't put the clock back, don't you, greeny?"

Here some one came up behind the little girl and stooped over and kissed her. It was Miss Mary, and she was laughing softly.

"I know you didn't do it either, Katie. Greeny told me all about it; so be sure you give him a nice place on papa's rosebush."

ELEANOR M'ELROY.

CREATED.

THE great world lay in the glorious sun,
A wonderful world when it all was done.

God said: "It shall be more bright and fair!"

And lo! the babies were laughing there.

L. R. BAKER.

EVENINGS WITH THE POETS.

THE TWO MYSTERIES.

WE know not what it is, dear, this
sleep so deep and still,
The folded hands, the awful calm, the
cheek so pale and chill,
The lids that will not lift again, though
we may call and call,
The strange white solitude of peace that
settles over all.

We know not what it means, dear, this
desolate heart-pain,
The dread to take our daily way and walk
in it again.

We know not to what sphere the loved
who leave us go,
Nor why we're left to wander still, nor
why we do not know.

But this we know, our loved and lost, if
they should come this day,
Should come and ask us, What is Life?
not one of us could say.

Life is a mystery as deep as death can
ever be;

Yet, oh! how sweet it is to us, this life we
live and see!

Then might they say, those vanished ones,
and blessed is the thought,
So death is sweet to us, beloved, though
we may tell you naught;

We may not tell it to the quick, this mys-
tery of death;

Ye may not tell it if ye would, the mys-
tery of breath.

The child who enters life comes not with
knowledge or intent,
So those who enter death must go as little
children sent;

Nothing is known, but I believe that God
is overhead;
And as life is to the living so death is to
the dead.

MARY MAPES DODGE.

A LESSON IN BUTTER.

A LITTLE maid in the morning sun
Stood merrily singing and churning—
"Oh! how I wish this butter was done,
Then off to the fields I'd be turning!"
So she hurried the dasher up and down,
Till the farmer called with half-made
frown—

"Churn slowly!"

"Don't ply the churn so fast, my dear,
It is not good for the butter,
And will make your arms ache, too, I fear,
And put you all in a flutter;
For this is a rule wherever we turn,
Don't be in a haste whenever you churn—
Churn slowly!"

"If you want your butter both nice and
sweet,
Don't churn with nervous jerking,
But ply the dasher slowly and neat,
You'll hardly know that you're
working;
And when the butter has come you'll say,
'Yes, surely this is the better way,'—
Churn slowly!"

Now, all you folks, do you think that you
A lesson can find in butter?
Don't be in haste, whatever you do,
Or get yourself in a flutter;
And when you stand at life's great Churn
Let the farmer's words to you return—
"Churn slowly!"



HOME DECORATION AND FANCY NEEDLEWORK.

A GIRL'S BEDROOM.

THE curtains for our bedroom should be of white or cream-colored screens or cheese-cloth.

A tiny ball fringe can be bought, or lace, but it adds a good deal to the expense. By all means avoid frills and ruffles of the stuff around curtains and hangings. They get tumbled with the shaking and brushing and soon look dragged.

Of course, you will put your curtains up with light wooden poles and rings that are sold so very cheaply now. If, however, you are in the country, and it is inconvenient, you can have the carpenter make some small wooden bracket-rests, and after staining, tack them against the window cornice. There must be a round hole in each bracket-rest to admit the poles. The ordinary rollers for window shades will do for the poles. These are, of course, to be stained. Gilt rings, that slip over these poles, can be bought very cheaply by the dozen.

And now for the furniture. Antique oak or cherry is most suitable for a bright, airy bedroom. If, however, you are to collect pieces as you can, get a neat iron bedstead on rollers. Brass is better, but very expensive. The iron bedsteads are painted white or blue, and with dainty furnishings are very pretty. The proper construction of a bed is first a set of strong steel springs, twisted lengthwise very closely so as to bear weight. Next you should have a well-made hair mattress. There is no necessity for an under palliase of feathers or anything else; the one mattress is sufficient, if it is a good, comfortable one. You want a small, low pillow to sleep on, and a larger one, perhaps for appearances, to put upon this in

the day. Military students are given flat beds, not soft ones, and low pillows, and are required to sleep "straight out," so as to keep the spine and muscles in position. It is the true way to rest to gain strength and nerve. When the habit is once formed, one cannot rest with the head high, or in a cramped, strained position. The body should be absolutely in repose.

Make a slip cover for the mattress, and also for the pillows, of unbleached muslin. It keeps them free from soil.

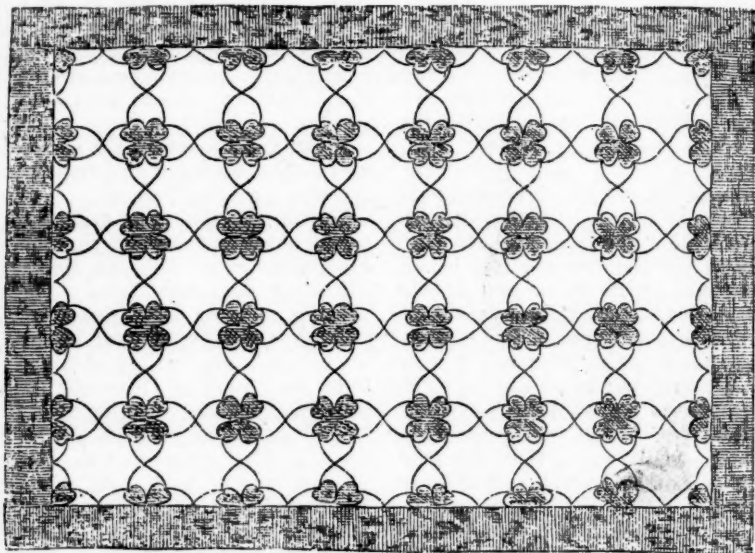
For the question of covering, you want to be warm without weight. Blankets are much better than the old-fashioned cotton or wool comforters. These are very apt to bring bad dreams, and leave you as oppressed and tired in the morning as when you retired at night. The light comforters of cheese-cloth, with a few layers of wool wadding tacked with bright worsted at intervals, are very nice when a little extra warmth is needed. For the sheets, linen, even if you can afford them, are not considered best unless one is strong. There is a chill in the linen which requires a reaction to overcome. Linen pillow covers, are always nicer, however, and may be neatly marked in white, working the initial or monogram in the upper left corner.

In this bedroom we are planning, remember, for health, and want things that give beauty, and yet can be easily taken care of and kept in an atmosphere of freshness. There must be perfect ventilation; rugs, curtains, blankets that can be kept well aired and shaken; a bed through which each day there is a good circulation of air. Bright eyes, good color, hope, love, happiness, usefulness, all depend upon sleep and rest and air. I have just read of a literary woman who

does an amount of work that would break down an ordinary woman's physique; while her home is a treasure house of art and luxury. Her sleeping-room is of bare furniture save her bed, which is as broad as it is long. You do not want to sleep in a current of air, of course, but the window an inch raised and lowered at the top and bottom will keep the atmosphere pure.

For an outer covering for the bed a very pretty spread can be made of figured chintz, or flowered dimity, the ground white or ecru with a blossomy pattern. The breadths are stitched together, and if the spread is to hang over the sides there

deep band of Turkey red or blue cotton is stitched as a border around. The pattern for the embroidery should be large and conventional, something that will work out rapidly; interlaced disks, or flowing lines broken with geometrical figures. There is a heavy Scotch floss that is just suited for outlining large pieces of work. It can be had in rich, beautiful colors, and is to be couched, that is, overcast firmly and smoothly along the pattern. Another material that is much used is blue cotton. In this, the under side is a lighter shade than the upper, and is usually turned over in a deep hem which makes a border. The embroidery may



will be a hem and a finish of linen or cotton lace around the whole. Lay the pillow flat, and let the spread cover all. In this case no extra pillow covers will be needed. This is the fashion in most foreign countries.

A serviceable bed-cover, however, is a grand piece of work for a girl to undertake at the beginning of the summer, or the winter either, if her evenings are quiet. The best material for a spread is stout linen sheeting, or a cotton material which comes in white and also artistic shades of blue, tan, yellow, and pink, and green, called Bolton sheeting. It is not expensive and can be nicely cleaned. A

be a wheel or net-work design done with either heavy white linen floss, or with red, orange, or pink Bargarren, as the new Scotch floss is called.

The design given in the illustration is simple, pretty, and easy to do. The figure in detail is heart shape, four pieces joined at the points. A pattern can be easily cut of brown paper, in right proportion, when the size of the spread is determined. Begin from the centre by folding in a square, and find out how many figures can be used in each quarter. Mark the places for these; open the spread upon a broad table and draw the figures from the pattern you have shaped.

The connecting lines are drawn after all the figures have been put in. A bright gold floss for the figures and yellowish pink, green, or blue for the lines makes a handsome piece of work. The same pattern can be made on a pongee ground, worked in silk, but the cotton ground is more serviceable and appropriate. The small case for the nightdress follows the spread in design, and is an addition if one likes, but the night clothes should be hung in the air and completely freshened before they are folded away in ever so dainty a case.

The spread, whether it be an embroidered over-cover or a simple crochet quilt, should always be removed at night and carefully folded.

In the morning, before leaving your room, take the bed clothing from the bed, not all together, but each piece separately, and place it near the window. Put the pillows aside, too, and turn the mattress down toward the foot. Raise the windows and close the door when you go out.

These are habits, those little wires on which the greatest weights are hung, they are so small in themselves that they seem scarcely worth the mention, and yet we know that a great many girls "do not think it worth while" to take such matters into account. But good luck comes from good habits and faithfulness in little things, doing ordinary things truly and well, content to wait for the coming of extraordinary ones. Simple as may be the surrounding, the girl who puts into her life right principles, into her duties and pleasure just as far as she can right principles, freshness and honesty of thought and purpose, must grow, as God means all women should, to calmness and self-balance. It was Charles Kingsley who wrote:

"Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever,

Do noble things, not dream them all day long,
And to make life, death, and that vast forever,
One grand, sweet song."

And so when we sweep and garnish, dear girls, in this service of self, the better it is done, the better we shall live, and the stronger will be the voice that swells the chorus of that "grand, sweet song."

SHOE POCKET WITH PAINTED AND EMBROIDERED BORDER.

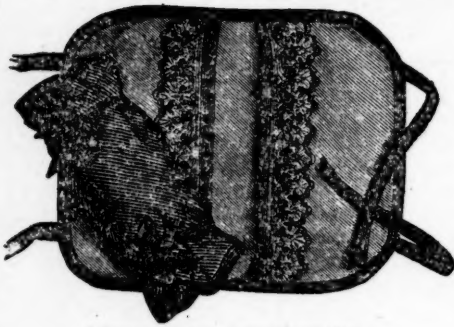
THE pocket here seen can be made to hold one or several pair of shoes and boots, and is made of thick natural-colored leather bound with colored linen tape. The stuff parts are cut about four inches wider than the length of the boots and (for one pair) two and a half times longer than the size of one. The border is then traced on the stuff and painted in water-colors and gold (the latter is used for the bars and contours). The scallop edge is buttonholed over with cotton the color of the painting and the plain upper edge bordered with stalk stitch. The buttonhole part is made before the stuff stripe is turned in on both sides, leaving a space about four inches wide in the middle. If our readers should wish to paint the border all round the corners must not be blunted off. The strings are of the same tape as the binding. Into each divisions of the pocket made in the way described is slipped a pair of shoes or boots, the whole is then rolled up and tied together.

BOLSTER WITH FLAT EMBROIDERY.

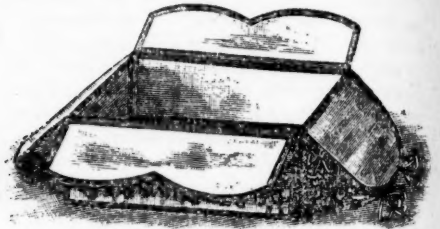
THE middle embroidered part of the bolster (fig. 1) which is ten inches wide and twenty-six inches long is worked on plain stone-colored lined canvas with red and blue cotton, the change of color being seen plainly on the piece given in the proper size, fig. 2. The diamond checks repeated three times are separated by a small thick worked border and inclosed on both sides with a pointed edge. The embroidery in flat and outline stitch is easily worked after fig. 2. A piece of red Swiss print ten and three-quarter inches wide is set on at each end of the embroidery, and lined with blue linen. This is then gathered round, leaving a deep frill and a cushion of corresponding size slipped in. Bows of blue and red ribbon.

PORTABLE TOILET BOX.

REDUCED pattern, fig. 3. The box shown, fig. 2, closed and open, may be spread out quite flat when desired, and set up again very quickly, for this reason, therefore, it is easy to pack,



SHOE POCKET. SEE PAGE 393.



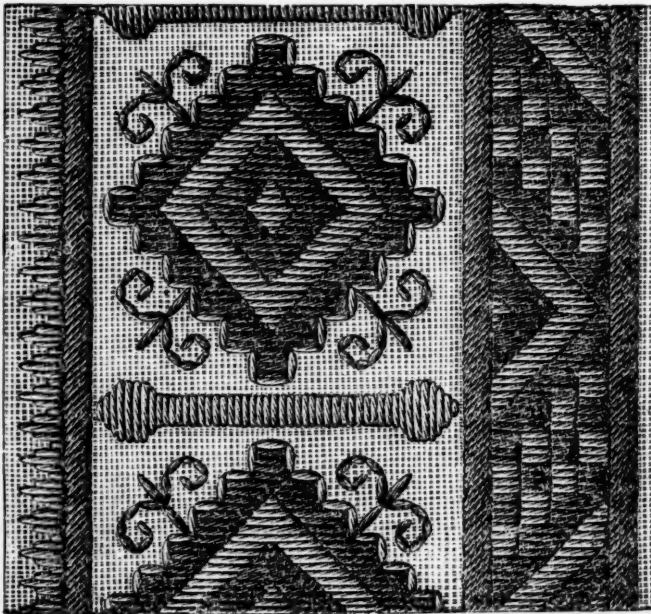
TOILET BOX, FIG. 1. SEE PAGE 393.



TOILET BOX, FIG. 2. SEE PAGE 393.



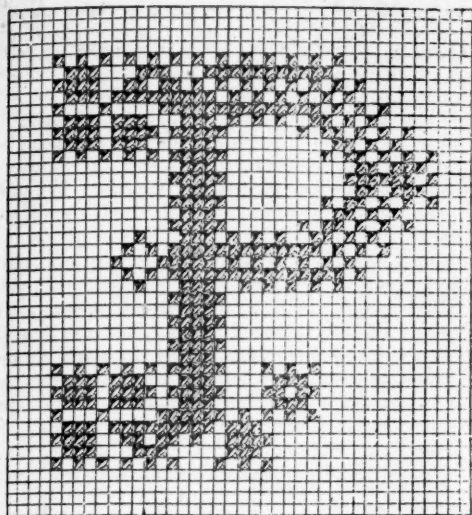
TOILET BOX, FIG. 3.
SEE PAGE 393.



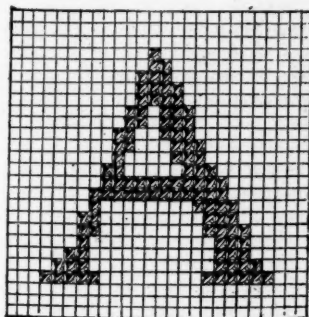
BOLSTER, FIG. 2. SEE PAGE 393.



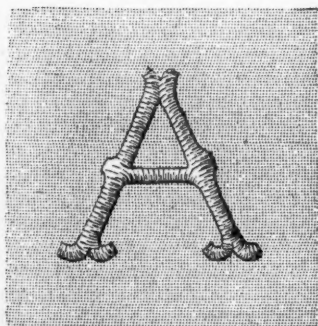
BOLSTER, FIG. 1.
SEE PAGE 393.



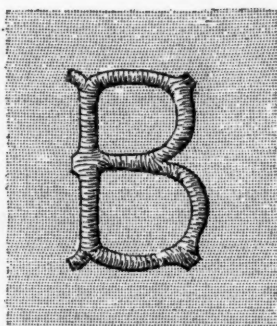
CROSS STITCH.



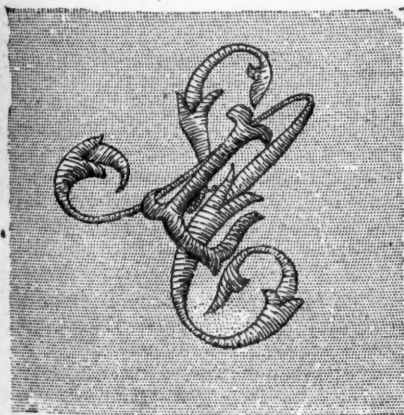
CROSS STITCH.



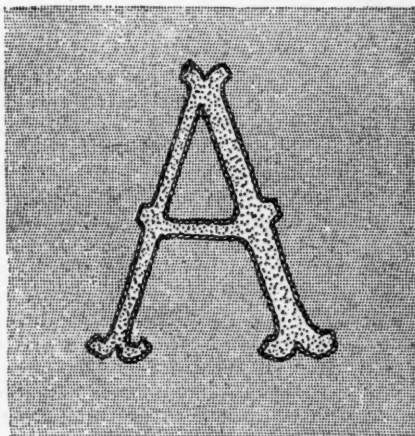
SATIN STITCH.



SATIN STITCH.



SATIN STITCH.

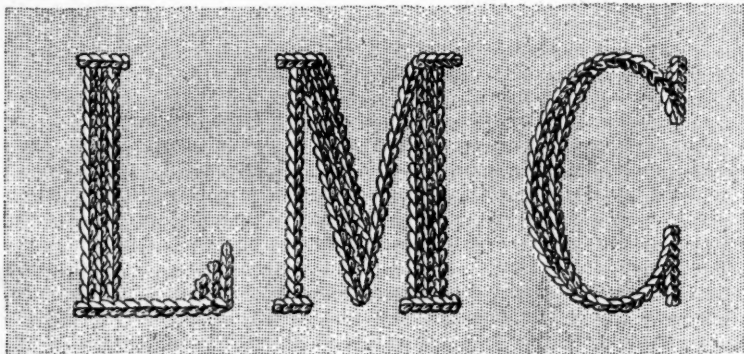


STEM STITCH AND FRENCH KNOTS.

and will be found very useful when away from home. The outside is covered with flowered washing silk, the inside lined with plain saracenet. The separate parts are first cut out of cardboard after fig. 3, which shows a quarter of the foundation; *a* gives the lower part, *b* the long side pieces, *c* the short ones, *d* the flaps going over the latter, *e* and *f* lastly the two halves of the lid. When all the different parts have been lined in and outside with stuff and bound with narrow colored saracenet ribbon, they are seamed together inside after fig. 2. In setting up the box the straps put on at the long sides catch over the short ones, and are fastened here with hooks and eyes under bows of narrow ribbon. The lid halves are also closed with bows.

Plush centres are still used, the edges being scalloped and finished with buttonhole stitch, and when ornamented with gold embroidery are very effective by candle-light. To those who like the ever-popular cross stitch, I can recommend a new kind of silk canvas that has quite recently appeared, and which would be a pretty foundation for a table-centre. It has gold threads very plentifully introduced, with a border on each side composed of silk in various colors, which give it, even before working, a very Oriental appearance; and being in itself decorative, it would require very little ornamentation beyond a narrow border of cross stitch in silks, corresponding in color with the stripes.

Another was on Holbein linen, having



CHAIN STITCH.

CENTRE PIECES.

NEW ideas for centre pieces for dinner-tables seem to be especially in demand just now.

Among others on colored foundations which I have seen lately, those worked on brocaded satin or silk appear to be the most worthy of description. The pattern, which is usually conventional in character, is generally embroidered either in contrasting colors or shades of silk deeper in tone than the brocade itself, outlined with Japanese gold thread, and finished with either a band of plush of the darkest shade introduced, or a narrow fringe, care being taken that the piece of work should harmonize well with the room and the china with which it is to be brought in contact.

a design worked with red, white, and blue flourishing thread in Holbein and a variety of long stitches, which would have the advantage of being very quickly worked. One which struck me as being novel was on a coarse kind of plain linen, and was decorated with a conventional design, executed in colored embroidery cottons, the edges being scalloped and finished off with a curious kind of coarse braid, which was attached by large buttonhole stitches, and the same braid was also introduced between the embroidery.

Another, more elaborate in style, on cream-colored satin cloth, had also a conventional design worked in sage-green and coral-colored filo-floss, with a good deal of Japanese gold thread introduced, the stitches employed being satin and crewel stitch.

RECREATION FOR LEISURE HOURS.

RUGS.

THIS is a good time of year to work up into rugs the various woolen garments about a house that are good for no other purpose. Rugs of knitted goods may be thus made: Cut *woolen* articles lengthwise of the work, in strips two inches wide, and ravel all but three or four stitches in the centre; then sew through the centre to a strong foundation of the size and form desired. Rugs thus made have a chenille effect. Colors may be blended and contrasted so as to look very well.

Stair or Venetian carpet should be cut crosswise, as the filling is hemp, and raveling that out, it leaves for fringe the heavy wool threads. Ingrain carpet has a fine warp, either cotton or wool, but the filling is heavy. Cut it lengthwise, leaving enough warp to hold it well, and you have a heavy fringe. These raveled strips sewed to a good foundation make comfortable and handsome rugs.

The labor of sewing a braided rug will be greatly lessened if the rug is laid upon a table instead of being held in the lap. When laid upon a table one can easily have the braid just right as to tension, so the rug will not "hoop" or "draw." A kid glove on the hand that holds the needle will save the fingers from being cut by the thread. The tips of the glove fingers can be cut off.

Rugs may be knit in strips, on bone needles, and the strips sewed together. Twelve or fifteen stitches is wide enough and easier to knit than the whole width of the rug. There are several reliable dyes which enable one to dye white flannel or cloth any color wished for. The materials should be cut in lengths less than half an inch wide and sewed together.

Rugs in constant use in the kitchen and living rooms should be frequently washed. One strong point in their favor is that they imprison dirt that would otherwise find its way to the best carpets in the house. Rugs in a kitchen are much to be preferred to even a rag carpet, for they can be taken up easily, so that the entire floor can be swept and all the accumulated dust got rid of.

DECORATIVE ART NOVELTIES.

VERY pretty hairpin receivers are made of the small Japanese globe-shaped baskets. Knit a mossy looking filling in tufted knitting work, split zephyr by winding the worsted round the finger seven times and knitting the bunch of loops with each stitch in every alternate row. Before fastening in the filling cut five long petals like those of the pond-lily, fasten these round the top of the basket, so that the pointed ends will fall to the bottom. Finish the edges of the pieces with tinsel cord and put a little bell or sequin on the point.

Pine cones are very decorative. They may be bronzed or gilded, and then a small picture frame screw and eye fastened in one end and placed among loops of ribbon to decorate fancy baskets or wall pockets. On wood baskets they are very appropriate. I recently saw a lovely one made of the woven mats that raisins are bought in. The mats are about two yards around. Make two loops of one-third of the distance, and of the remaining part form a circle. They must be lined with some stout material, and have a wire band round the top to keep it in shape. Make a handle of heavy hat braid, and then bronze the outside, and paint an appropriate quotation in black

or a different colored paint from the ground. Fasten the cones at the top of the two loops, or a pretty border of the small cones might be put around the top of the basket.

A piece of plush or satin, seven by twelve inches, makes a pretty sized needle-case. Quilt a silk or satin lining the same size; make a full pocket across one end for the chamois, emery paper, and small pad; stitch a strap made of satin-covered canvas at intervals for the other implements. When these are finished, place the right side of the lining and outside together and sew all around, leaving room enough to turn it on to the right side and blind-stitch the opening. Sew a ribbon to the centre of one end, to tie the case with after it is finished. Very pretty wall cushions are made in the shape of a four-leafed clover.

Pretty bon-bon baskets are made by taking little fancy shaped wicker baskets—those shaped like hampers are the prettiest. Some have covers, others do not. They should be gilded both inside and outside, and when dry trim with gay satin ribbons. When filled with candy they are quite pretty for gifts.

Satchets in egg shape are pretty. Cut two pieces of thin cardboard in the shape of a large egg; cover one side of each with satin; place several layers of scented cotton between, and sew together very neatly. Paint some pretty designs on one side.

A handsome cloth for the centre of the dining-table is of twilled linen, eighteen inches square. Around the sides are traced large maple leaves; one leaf at each corner, underlapping those on each side of it. These are outlined with different shades of heavy gold or copper colored floss. The veins are worked in stem stitch, and the space in the leaves is filled in with different lace stitches. Cut

the outer edge of the cloth close to the embroidery.

Small napkins have a drawn worked border, and the centres are thickly sprinkled with daisies, overlapping each other somewhat. The daisies are outlined in stem stitch with gold colored silk, and the centre loosely filled with French knots.

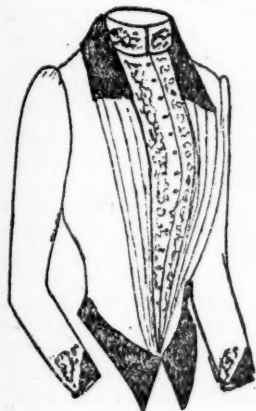
For a lovely handkerchief case, take a piece of lamb's wool twelve inches wide and nine inches long; spread thickly with satchet powder. Over this place a very thin sheet of lamb's wool, and then the silk intended for the lining. Quilt this very carefully by hand. When finished, the outside is sewn to this, putting the two silks together and sewing all round excepting one end; turn right side out and finish this end neatly. Turn the two ends until they meet in the centre. Neatly overhand the upper and lower edges of the pocket pieces to the back. Tie together with broad ribbon.

FAN DECORATIONS.

AN inexpensive and effective decoration for plain white walls or for picture frames may be made of the wall-paper used for dados. The patterns with a handsome stripe of color and gilt upon one edge are the most suitable, as the stripe forms the edge of the fan. Take about four yards of this paper and fold it in two-inch folds until it shapes naturally into a fan. Fasten the lower folds together and finish the two ends of the paper by turning them over a small stick or a strip of cardboard and fasten with paste. A wire should be sewed to the back, near the outer edge, to give firmness to the fan, and the whole may be finished with a large bow. These ornaments may be tacked behind the upper corner of a picture or used as a piano fan.

DRESSMAKING AT HOME.

IN these days of paper patterns it is better to have one, if possible, though women having the gift of dressmaking can often copy from a picture. The accessories here described have often been cut out, using paper until the proper-sized revers, cuff, etc., were obtained and tried on the wearer before venturing to lay scissors into the material. I have heard ladies bewailing that they could not make a dress; never had the gift, faculty, or whatever it may be styled, but I always feel like saying what has been done can be done again, and I know of a person, now a draper, who never knew the use of a needle and thimble until she was thrown out of a luxurious home at eighteen years of age. My dear fellow-women, try on a cheap cambric until every one is capable of making a neat, well-fitting, and attractive costume. If you have never done so you will feel like Solomon in all his glory when you first array yourself in your own handiwork. I speak from experience of the pride, satisfaction, and tiny bit of conceit that will pervade your thoughts and



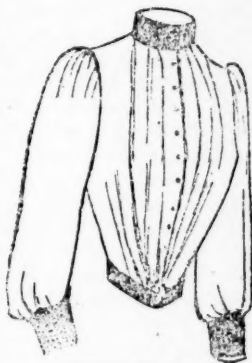
BASQUE.

actions, and is it not worth a trial to feel so well pleased with ourselves in such a womanly, economical cause?

Every basque must have a trimming of some kind, and besides revers long single ornaments of beads are frequently placed one on

each side high up by the collar; or one may have a band of passementerie, beaded galloon or braiding down each

side, about an inch back of the buttons. Another decoration is now very stylish and consists of ready-made pieces forming long revers, a collar, cuffs, and a V for the back of the basque of mohair or silk cord braid, fashioned into graceful scrolls and arabesques. Black and colored beads are arranged in the same form for ornamenting dress costumes.



ROUND WAIST.

Vests are universally worn, and partake of a hundred shapes, the favorite one being, perhaps, the long, pointed shape reaching from the collar to the bottom of the basque. If of velvet or moiré, this is made flat, if of surah it is usually laid in tiny plaits which are considered very neat if held down by a brier stitching of embroidery silk. Other vests are V-shaped and only reach to the bust, and all are bordered by folds of the dress fabric, revers, bands, etc., to take away the bare look where the contrasting vest meets the dress material, the edge of which may lap over the rest or *vice versa*. Vests may be sewed in one side and hooked over on the other, in Breton fashion, buttoned up on each side, up the front, or the lining only fastened and the plaited vest allowed to lap into position, with a girdle or half belt to hold it closed at the waist.

Single and divergent points appear on the long vests, the latter increasing the wearer's breadth. Stout figures require vests very much sloped in at the waist and a sharp point below. Slender persons look better with a short V-shaped vest outlined with revers of the same length,

or a plaited vest having a girdle piece at the waist, and a tiny square or V-shaped piece just at the top of the vest of the material that the collar, cuffs, and girdle are made of. Yoke-shaped pieces are used on the fronts of basques with excellent effect. They are made of velvet, embroidery, braiding, or beads, and are laid over the outside, sewed in with the collar and shoulderseams, and slip-stitched on the under side. They are cut square across and do not reach the armholes. When covered with braiding, as does a vest, they look well, and this form of trimming is easily done at home, as all fancy shops now have suitable designs for stamping panels, yokes, vests, etc., and the different tinsel, silk or mohair soutache braid comes in all colors, though just at present there is a fancy for black on any color.

Plastrons should not be confounded with vests, as the name indicates something more elaborate than a vest, which was first brought out in masculine plainness. Plastrons extend to the waist or basque point; if the former they disappear under a girdle or half belt, if the latter they are shirred at the waist line and then laid in close, overlapping folds to the point. At the neck they are drawn in a small space following the shape of the dress neck, or may be gathered to a small square called a gimp of velvet and puff softly over the bust. Lace, crêpe-de-chêne, surah silk, and other soft fabrics should be selected, and where there is shirring the stitches should be of even length on both sides, the rows from a quarter to an inch apart, and an uneven number of rows made.

A new, dressy basque front is made with a drawn plastron to the bust, and a flat vest from where it ends to the basque point. Plastrons never show any fastenings, being sewed in on one side and hooked over on the other. For evening wear they may be finished with a jabot of lace on one side and a velvet rever on the other. They always look better for a border, as do vests, and the sides should not match. Black dresses are brightened by wearing light-green, yellow, or red silk vests entirely covered with jet or silk cord passementerie.

Fancy plastrons are made of velvet, ribbon, and lace, and transform a plain street dress into a dressy home attire in

the twinkling of an eye. By having several colors one can make a black silk answer for many occasions without feeling that they always look the same. Small plastrons of a square form just covering the chest are known as guimpes, and are very becoming to thin figures. A piece of crinoline is cut out the desired shape and affords a foundation for a cluster of tucks of surah faille or moiré, with velvet revers on each side, the points meeting in front and giving the tucks a V-shape. This is faced with silk, slip-stitched down on the left side and hooked over on the right with a spring hook at the top and bottom point to meet the corresponding silk-worked eyelet on the basque.

A V-shaped piece of braiding, velvet, or heading in the back gives a long-waisted, slender appearance, which is now greatly desired. These V's are quite narrow and may stop just below the shoulders or extend to the waist line. If of beads they end with a pendant; those of velvet are blind-stitched on. In all blind or slip-stitching care must be taken not to catch the outer material down, or draw the stitches tight enough to show that the article is sewed on. Round-shouldered persons should not wear trimming on the back of a basque, although there is no reason why a young woman should be thus afflicted, as I know from the best teacher, "Experience," that even when this habit of leaning forward has been formed for years it can be cured in three months by using dumb-bells daily, fifteen minutes morning and night, after undressing and governing the desire during the day by throwing the shoulders back whenever they fall forward. In fact, I do not know what will, patience, and perseverance may not accomplish.

Cuffs alter the appearance of the arms and must be studied carefully in order to procure the desired effect. They are of the fabric used for the collar, with a glimpse often of the plastron material. Those of velvet, moiré, or dress goods are lined with cross-barred crinoline, with the outer material turned over the edges as a facing and caught down with a few stitches; the side edges are then sewed together and the cuff slipped over the sleeve, bringing the centre of the cuff on the top of the arm, so as to extend below it half an inch. Blind-stitch the raw

edge of the sleeve to the cuff and then hem on a bias facing of silk or dress goods, letting the lower part rest a third of an inch above the cuff edge, and the upper part hem on the sleeve lining. Then blind-stitch the upper edge of the cuff to the sleeve and you have a neat, flat cuff that will not pull off or appear ungainly and thick.

With short arms use a deep, pointed cuff that tapers to a width of an inch and a-half on the underside. If your arms are long have a blunt point on outside and greater width underneath. Another pretty shape has the top of the cuff slit, faced, and turned over like two revers, showing folds of the dress goods or plastron fabric beneath. If the sleeves are left open for two inches up the back seam the cuffs are finished in the same manner, except that the sides are not stitched together. Others prefer the inner seam opened, and often the edges of the opened part are faced, turned over in revers fashion, and no additional cuffs used. For all cuff, collar, and revers and basque facings, I find old silk the same color as the dress, or cheap surah best, as they lie flat better than any other material. In pressing facings use a warm, not hot iron, and place a piece of sleazy crinoline between the iron and goods. Do not press velvet but stand the iron on end and rub the velvet lightly over the rounded part.

Trimming the top of a sleeve shortens the arm, and if the trimming takes the form of a long, slender V, nearly to the elbow, it appears smaller. A thin arm is improved by a short V of velvet, a braided scroll, jet pendant or regular epaulet, which may be had in beads or cord. Some sleeves are padded nearly to the elbows, fitted snugly and trimmed with long epaulets, all of which effects a wonderful change in long, thin arms that no one wishes for though some of us have nevertheless. Sleeves are worn rather short, though the general appearance of the wrists and hands should decide this. Fit the sleeve smoothly across the top taking in the outer or under seams as they require, and have the grain of the cloth exactly even over the top of the arm. The full, fancy sleeves require a paper pattern, as they are too complicated to describe without diagrams. They are pretty on slender figures and young ladies, though, often, a back view gives the im-

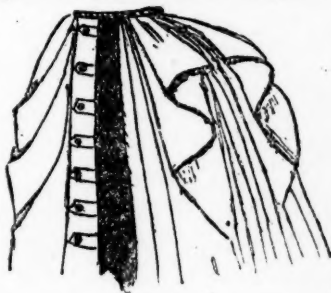
pression that the wearer will soon unfurl her wings and fly where fashions never trouble, nor dressmakers weary grow. But as all women are supposed to be angels in disguise, the idea of wings in connection with them is not an unpleasant one.

DRAPERY.

THE first diagram shows the back drapery after it is finished.

The second diagram shows the shape of one-half of the back drapery, the measurements quoted being for a skirt of thirty-eight-inch front, without any hems or turnings. Three widths of ordinary costume material, or one and a-half of double width, should be allowed, the centre being of the same length as the skirt, and the sides thirteen inches longer.

The sides and bottom edge should be hemmed rather deeply, and the two pieces marked twelve and a-half inches should be folded over with the hot iron used for pressing the seams and hems. The part between A and B at the back should be laid in very close flat plaits, turning toward the back, and the twelve and a-half inch piece at the side should also be set in flat plaits, but these turning to the side. When cutting out this drapery, the amateur should provide herself with pieces of rag or paper marked "side" and "back," and tack these on her material. She will then only need to place her material on the table and glance at the diagrams to see exactly how the parts are folded and arranged.



No. 1.

The half of the drapery measures forty inches, but this is the full size, and the same drapery may be arranged with less width, thirty-six inches being an average measure for half of the drapery. If the

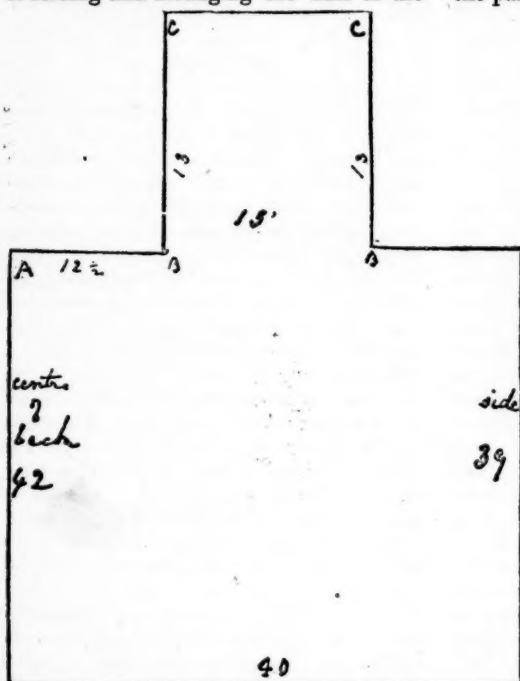
back is narrower, allow about thirteen inches across for the high piece which forms the fan, and from eleven to eleven and a-half inches for the side plaits.

The third diagram shows the method of folding and arranging the half of the

If a shorter and more puffy style is desired, slope the extension on either side so that, although fifteen inches at the base, it is only ten inches wide at the top, and between the fan folds gather or plait the parts closely to the waist.

There are many front draperies which may be used with this back, but the plain tailor drapery which has a few folds at the top and plaits at the side or the long, square apron with plaits on either side which leaves a space for a side panel, are really the most effective.

Even this back may be varied without altering the cut, as instead of leaving the ends hanging straight from the centre they may be gathered up and fixed to the waistband, or the fan plaits may be reversed and the end may turn toward the front and there be gathered into the waist.



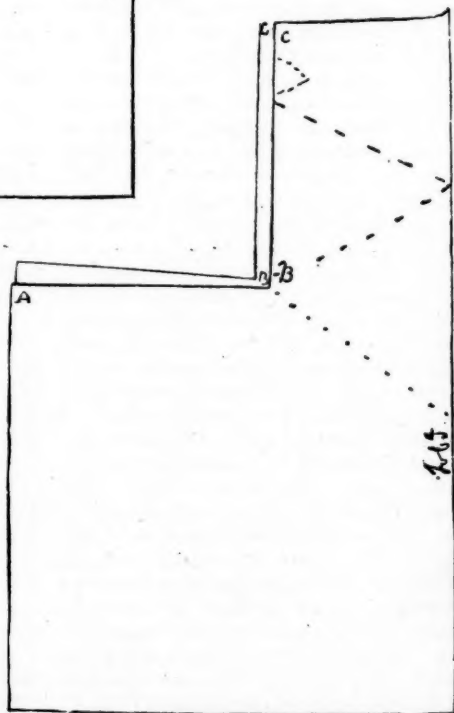
No. 2.

back. Place the letter A to the centre of the back, and place it quite up to B in flat plaits, turning to the back. Next fold the fifteen-inch piece which stands up above the waist, catching it sharply together at letter B, and again at C.

Tack these parts, and then plait the side into the waist, turning the plaits toward the front.

You now proceed to form the fan plaits in your folded extension, and these folds are denoted by the broken lines on the diagram.

If you want the fan folds quite high and short, turn your first fold to the back and fold four times; but if it is to be long, with the loops meeting in the centre, three folds are ample.



No. 3.

DRESS.

CHILDREN.

PINAFORE FOR LITTLE GIRL OR BOY
FROM ONE TO TWO YEARS OF AGE.



THE pinafore is of holland, embroidered with red; the deep collar is edged with red embroidered frillings.

BOYS' FIRST SUITS.

LITTLE boys' first suits are made in various styles, but the sailor costumes are the most becoming, and these are so very simple that when once a correct pattern is obtained, any one, who can use her needle, need experience no difficulty in making them up.

First suits are usually made either of velvet, or in blue or white serge. They also look very well when made in washing materials, such as brown holland, blue or red striped galatea; the latter are very inexpensive, and look very cool and nice in hot weather; they are also useful for seaside wear, but soon get soiled, hence, if washing is a consideration, nothing will be found so useful and economical as navy blue serge. This need not be heavy, and

it can be made up without lining; should it be preferred to have the trousers lined, white twill or a soft unbleached calico may be used. The collar and cuffs look

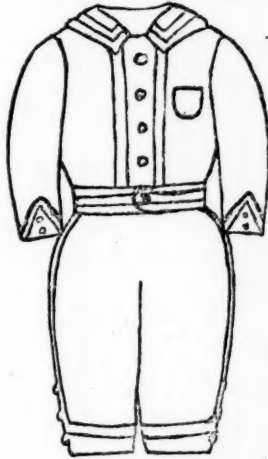


FIG. 1.

well when trimmed with rows of narrow braid, either red or white. Two yards, or two and a quarter yards of twenty-seven-inch serge will be sufficient for a child three years of age.

Fig. 1 shows a suit which, though slightly differing from the real sailor costume, is selected because it can be most conveniently cut from a pair of trousers of adult size, trousers, which though, perhaps, rather too shabby for pater to wear to business, are yet, as regards the appearance of the bulk of the material, in good condition. It must be borne in mind that good material, even when shabby on the outside, will look as good as new when turned.

A comfortable little suit for home wear

can be contrived out of an old pair of full-sized trousers, and this will be good practice for a mother about to commence making boys' clothes at home, since, although the task will require some thought, and occupy more time than cutting from new cloth, a mistake in cutting out, or an absence of neatness in finishing, will not be so vexing as it would be if new and

who has little children will, no doubt, lend patterns, or perhaps little garments that may be of the size required; the pattern may then be taken in paper. Good and reliable patterns in all sizes may now be obtained at a trifling cost.

Plan everything before you commence cutting, as you may not always be able to place the patterns exactly as shown in the sketch (fig. 2). The large trousers may be worn at the knee or at other portions, but the figure shows the best and most economical arrangement, if it can be so managed. The patterns are arranged so that the thin or faded parts shall come where they will be least seen.

Of course, in cutting from new material a join would not be made down the centre of the back, or in the collar, but in making up from another garment you must "cut your coat according to the cloth." A join, however, will not matter in these parts if opened and pressed quite flat.

Always manage to cut the parts that will show most from the best portions of the larger garment. Very likely joins will have to be made, but contrive these where they will not look out of place, bring them under the arms, in the under half of sleeve; a join may be made down the front of jacket, or side, or bottom of trousers, if concealed with trimming. Avoid a seam on the top half of sleeve (except at the cuff where it may be covered), or across the trousers (except at the top part of the back), or across the front or back of the jacket unless it comes underneath the collar.

The sketch (fig. 2), shows one-half of a pair of trousers, ripped down the back, round the front, the inside seam of the leg, and placed out flat. This figure represents half

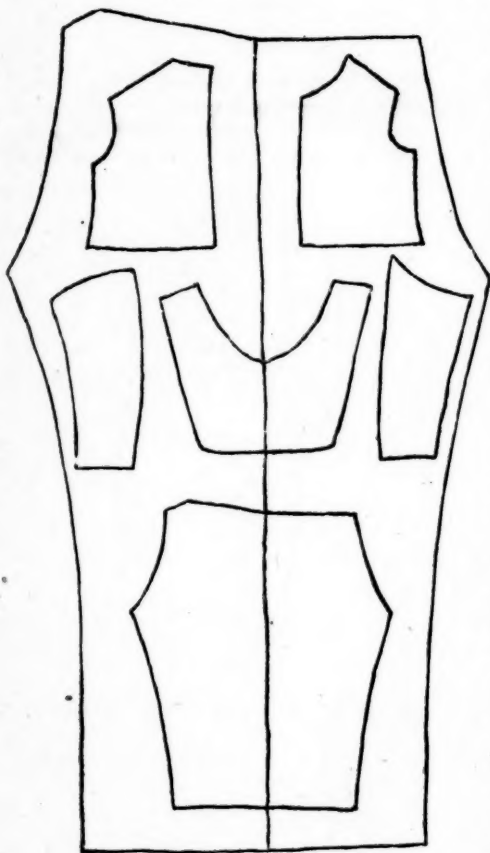


FIG. 2.

perhaps good material were used. For the cast-off trousers would probably be otherwise thrown aside as useless, and the time spent in cutting out will not be wasted, but experience, in any case, will be gained which will be of service in the future.

When making new garments out of old ones, first obtain a good pattern; a friend

the pattern, the corresponding parts can, of course, be cut from the other leg.

Only one collar will be required, that may be cut from one leg; and from the same part in the other leg the fronts of a tiny waistcoat may be contrived (the back of this will, of course, be of lining); joins may be made in this as it will not be seen, indeed, it may be made of another ma-

terial should the pattern have to be differently arranged and nothing be left to spare for it.

Very likely the material will look better if turned, or it may require cleaning.

When quite ready and well pressed, the pattern may be pinned on and the work cut out. The trousers may be tacked on

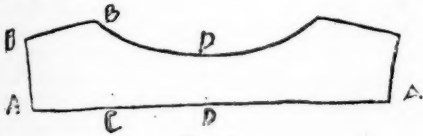


FIG. 3.

the lining and all stitched up together, which will be the best way should the material be thin. Or the lining and the cloth may be made up separately, the lining being merely tacked in after the trousers are finished.

In stitching up the outside seam of the leg a space must be left at the top about two inches in length, to close with a button

knee. Should it be thought desirable to have the trouser legs longer than this, they must for good appearance be taken in to make a slightly closer fit. If made both wide and long they are very ugly. The top may be made neat by stitching a strip of lining on the right side, turning it over and felling it down on the inside. This will make the top firm for the attachment of the buttons, which must be sewn on very strongly with double thread. Then stitch a band on underneath below the top, at the back, and front, the bands having buttonholes made in them to pass over corresponding buttons on an under body. This will be a better plan for the little ones than braces, but buttons may be sewn on to the trousers so that braces may be worn if desired.

Commence the little jacket by stitching under the arms and shoulders; open the seams and press them flat, make a hem an inch wide down the front for buttons and buttonholes, if this cannot be allowed in cutting, a false hem may be made with lining.

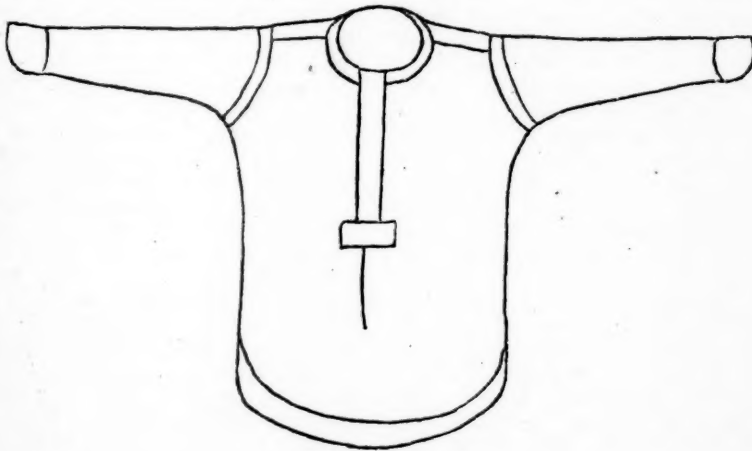


FIG. 4.

and buttonhole; stitch across firmly, and beneath this the pocket must be inserted. This may seem troublesome, if so, only one need be made, on the right side—children are always pleased to have a pocket—face it with a bit of the material.

Measure the length of the legs and turn the material up to reach just below the

A band two inches in width and of the size of the child's waist must be managed out of the cuttings; this may be joined up, as the trimming will nearly cover it. When the seams are pressed, turn down one edge on the wrong side, and tack it along, make a plait in each front of the jacket near the hem, and two plaits in

the centre of the back, place the band flat on the jacket and stitch it along on the outside. Take a strip of lining the same width, and stitch it against the lower edge of the band, turn it up and fell it on the inside, it will then be ready for trimming.

The collar must be lined with a bit of silk, alpaca, or something that will look neat, as the lining may show. Cut it to the exact size of the collar, place the right sides together and stitch round all but the neck, turn it out and tack it even, press flat and trim it with braid to match the band, then place the lining against the jacket, tack the collar to the neck, stitch on a narrow band, turn it over and fell down on the inside. A tiny pocket may be placed on the breast.

The sleeves must be stitched up, pressed, and sewn in. The inside seam should be placed two and a half inches to the front of the under arm seam of the jacket. Trim the cuffs, make the buttonholes to fasten the front, and finish by sewing on the buttons. Fig. 1 shows the suit finished.

To complete the outfit for a little boy, of from three to five years of age, the size for a long sleeved shirt is given. This may be made in flannel, calico, or Oxford shirting; a yard and a quarter, or a yard and a half will be required for each shirt. A yard and a quarter is sufficient if the material is wide enough to cut the sleeves down the side after the front and back are taken off. For the back cut a piece twenty-one inches in length, and the same width (this will allow for turnings), the front must be one inch shorter, and two inches narrower, round the corners at the bottom, slope out the sides, and armholes. The neck piece (fig. 3), must be cut thirteen inches and a half across the back A A; four inches from B to B; four inches from B to C, and two and a half inches from D to D. The sleeve must be eleven inches in length, the width must be twelve at the top, ten at the wrist, the band for the neck twelve, and the wrist-band six inches. (Fig. 4) shows the shirt completed.

M. HORNER.

LADIES.

Fig. 1 shows a very stylish coat, which may be worn over any plainly made costume, or above a costume made especially

for it, consisting of a sleeveless vest, with the back of lining and a foundation skirt edged with a plisse, and the front finished with deep box-plaits.

This under part may be varied so as to produce a totally different costume, and there is no fear of the coat becoming displaced if the fronts are fitted with safety-hooks and the skirt with eyes. It may also be worn over a complete costume, and is thus an exceedingly useful garment.

Tan or fawn-colored cloth, with lapels of light brown velvet or moss-green or navy-blue cloth, will be found serviceable; but the most popular shade is a sort of golden or Bismarck brown, which admits of many variations.

This coat takes eight yards of single-width material, or nine and a-half of twenty-inch width, or four and a-quarter yards of forty-eight or fifty-inch cloth.

Fig. 2 is a simple gown for home dinner wear, which may also be worn as an outdoor toilet for smart occasions.

The bodice is in the "Empire" style, with a banded waist, which is still further shortened by the folded sash of soft silk which hangs in loose folds at the back of the gown.

The bodice fastens from right to left, and the folds are cut in one with the bodice. The sleeve lining is close-fitting, and after the puff is fixed the lower part of the sleeve is covered with the material and lace to form a deep cuff.

The draperies are very simple and composed of straight widths so that any amateur may copy them with the aid of a dress-stand.

Fig. 3. The dress sketched is of a lovely shade of reseda, the simulated petticoat of reseda moiré, with a shaded stripe of reseda and ivory, and the side draperies are connected by a large ornament of finely cut steel.

On the right side there is a straight panel of striped moiré between folds of the reseda cloth, arranged in similar fashion to the other costume shown on the same page.

The drapery of the Fig. 4 costume is not difficult to copy on a good skirt-stand, and when there is no pattern it is better to cut three widths of the same length as the skirt, and having joined and pressed the seams, commence the drapery on the right side.



FIG. 1.

FIG. 2.

The straight edge of the right side may be hemmed down, but the bottom edge should be left until the drapery is fixed.

Arrange the top in flat plaits turning to the left, and, after reaching the centre of the waistband, put only two more plaits, and turn the material in on the cross to

form an opening through which the simulated petticoat is plainly seen. Draw the slanting fold to the left side, cut off the superfluous material from the top, and pin the end firmly to the foundation just

For the small side drapery which comes from beneath the left side of the back and is gathered in folds to meet the other beneath the steel ornament you take a single width of material about eighteen inches



FIG. 3.



FIG. 4.

where the steel ornament will afterward be placed.

Then take the bottom edge of the drapery and commence to drape that also up to the position of the ornament, turning the plaits toward the front. You will be surprised to find how simple this is, and yet how effective.

deep and set one end in flat, upward plaits beneath the back drapery. The top selvedge is folded rather in a slanting line and the material is pinned to the skirt to meet the front drapery. Two or three small plaits are made here and the greater part of the other end is turned up underneath and gathered together.

This arrangement can only be successfully managed on a skirt-stand, as the



FIG. 5.

small side drapery must not be too loose but must lie almost flat at the top; and even at the lower part the plaits must be tacked lightly to the skirt, just above the lower puff or droop.

The back drapery is very simple and exceedingly graceful. Three widths are required, the centre one of the same length as the skirt, and the others twelve inches longer.

The long widths are joined to the centre short one, the seams pressed, and bottom edge hemmed, and one-half of each outside width is cut away at the top to make it the same length as the skirt.

The part cut away is at the side where the drapery lies over the side of the front draperies, so that the whole of the centre width and the outside halves of each side width are of the same length as the skirt, and there is an extension rising twelve inches above the other parts on each side next the seams of the back width.

The centre of the drapery is set in flat plaits toward the back, and the side is set in flat plaits also, the back and side plaits meeting and leaving the extension loose.

This extension is then folded down the centre and turned backward and forward in fan fashion, the cut edge being turned under and fixed to the top plaits.

In the pattern it is our intention to pin up this fan fold, so that it may easily be understood; but if our readers follow this explanation closely they will experience no difficulty in arranging the drapery.

The bodice of the Fig. 4 costume is in the "Directoire" style, the fronts loose from the under-arm seam and reaching very slightly below the waist, the back forming a very small flat tail or tab.

The lining is cut with the centre of the front entire, and this fastens with hooks on the left side beneath the coat. The crossway folds of ivory surah are arranged on this lining, as is the simulated belt of surah.



FIG. 6.

The small portion of the steel collar-band which is omitted in front is used



FIG. 7.

on the simulated waistband. The revers are faced with the moiré, and the steel applique trimming is sewn over this.



FIG. 8.

The second costume is serge in a bright shade of navy-blue.

The vest and panels are of tan-colored



FIG. 9.

serge, braided closely with narrow Russian braid, and two buttons of filagree silver complete the trimming of the bodice.

The back drapery is very similar to that of Fig. 4, but here the fans are broader, and turn toward the back, where they meet in the centre.

On the right side is an extra width draped from the waist in plaits and stitched at the edge in tailor fashion. The front drapery consists of three widths of serge of the same length as the skirt, the half being set in flat plaits, and the other half being drawn up in plaits to the waist, thus forming a draped apron on one side.

On the left side the panel is broader and braided across more as a bordering to a simulated petticoat. The braiding is easily managed with the aid of Briggs' transfer patterns.

The bodice has a short plaited tail, and is shallow on the hips; but it fastens with hooks down the centre, the extra piece below the bust fastening across to the left side after the centre is fastened.

Short jackets have lost none of their popularity, but those with open fronts are now most in favor. Fig. 5 is a charming model in blue serge cloth, with a tight vest of brown and tan cloth, which worn

over a blue serge skirt makes a most effective walking costume.

Fig. 6. Jacket Bodice. The jacket is of black velvet with collar, cuffs, and revers of cream cloth braided with gold. The blouse and girdle are of cream surah.

Fig. 7 is a simple costume which may be copied for a young-girl. The dress of serge with blouse waist is worn over striped silk or wool underskirt. The yoke and cuffs are made of the same material as the underskirt.

Fig. 8. Afternoon Toilet. This very pretty and elegant toilet is made of pale electric blue vigogne, embroidered in gold, and worn over a cream lace petticoat. The arrangement of the sash, which matches the vigogne, is particularly novel.

Fig. 9 is a simple home dress of dark blue cashmere with long full draperies. The underskirt and revers are of dark plaid mahogany velvet, with vest of white cloth braided with mahogany.

PUBLISHERS.

NOTICE TO CLUB-MAKERS.

A SPECIAL circular was mailed last month to each of our last year club-getters, and every one should receive a copy of it. If there have been any omissions, they are accidental, and we shall be obliged if application is made to us by post for any oversight or failure in the mails.

This is the heyday of club-makers and we beg that any of our readers who have been thinking of making clubs for 1889 will begin at once before the weather interferes and before some of their rivals have secured the fast ripening harvest of subscribers to next year's publications.

There are numbers of people lost as readers to this Magazine every year through the lack of interest in the matter by our old-time friends who would like very well to aid our subscription-list but

who put off beginning from one time to another and finally do not begin at all. To these we wish to make a speech. If you think you can make up a club and get a free copy for yourself, start to work at once and try what you can do. Nothing that is worth having is to be had without effort, but the experience of many club-getters is that the work is more a pleasure than a task. There is a healthful exercise in going about to see a few friends at a time, and many a pleasant chat and suggestion crops out of the inquiry, "Are you intending to come into my club next year for Arthur's?"

To almost every reader of the "HOME" we might safely say there are a number of your friends who would like to have a good magazine at a low price, paying monthly visits during the year, but who do not know how good a magazine Arthur's is. They wait simply upon your telling them, and will probably be as much

obliged to you afterward for the trouble you were at, as we will be. Only we shall be obliged for any effort made by a friend no matter whether the reader is or not.

Now is the time; do not let "I dare not wait upon I would," but go to work *now*. Nothing *can* be lost if an effort is made, and the Magazine and the readers that are to be may both be very large gainers. Have a "try" at it, any way, there is the success of every good effort at the back of this, and some money, too.

In this number of the Magazine we bind the sheet of patterns for October, prepared by Messrs. James McCall & Co., of New York, for their home use, showing the latest styles in the various articles of dress represented. There can be no

question as to the value of such a sheet in preference to any other of the same kind. A sheet issued by a large pattern-house in New York, for distribution in the largest Eastern cities, must be the latest in the matter of style, and our readers can rely upon their accuracy.

We shall be glad to have our friends who have heretofore sent to us for their patterns, send hereafter directly to Messrs. McCall & Co. for them, in whose hands all orders will receive prompt and careful attention. Remittances may be made by postal note or for small orders in one or two-cent postage stamps, as heretofore. Remember to write addresses very plainly, giving name, town, county, and State, separately from the signature to the letter.

FACETIOUS DESSERT.

"THIS beefsteak," said a boarder at a second-class hotel, "must be three weeks old." "I couldn't say," replied the waitress; "I've only been here two weeks."

"Has the Cookery Book any pictures?" asked a young lady of a bookseller. "Not one," replied the dealer in books. "Why," exclaimed the witty girl, "what is the use of telling us how to serve a dinner if you give us no plates?"

MRS. BROWN.—"You told me that if I left my table-cloth out all night the fruit stains would disappear. Well, I put it out last night."

MRS. JONES.—"Of course the stains were gone in the morning."

MRS. BROWN.—"Yes; so was the table-cloth."

"I CAN'T imagine how you can dislike work; to me it's real enjoyment," said the father to his lazy son. "Yes, pa," was the guileless response; "but I don't want to give myself up wholly to pleasure."

SUSIE.—"O mamma! I'll never disobey you again!"

MAMMA.—"Why, Susie, what have you done?"

SUSIE.—"Well, I drank my milk at lunch and then I ate—a pickle; and the milk said to the pickle, 'Get out,' and the pickle said, 'I won't,' and they are having an awful time!"

"UNCLE JOHN," said little Emily, "do you know that a baby that was fed on elephant's milk gained twenty pounds in one week?" "Nonsense! impossible!" exclaimed Uncle John; and then asked whose baby was it? "It was the elephant's baby," replied little Emily.

"THE first step toward wealth," says an editor, "is the choice of a good wife." "And the first step toward securing a good wife is the possession of great wealth," says another. Here we have one of these good rules which work prettily both ways.

A LETTER LOCK.

TAKE away my first letter,
Take away my last letter,
Take away all my letters,
I'm still the same.

Answer—Postman.

PHENOMENAL PRECOCITY.

"O GEORGE!" cried young Mrs. Merry, running to meet her husband at the door. "I've something the best to tell you."

"No!" said George; "what is it?"

"Why, don't you think, the baby can talk! Yes, sir; actually talk! He's said ever and ever so many things. Come right into the nursery and hear him."

George went in.

"Now, baby," said mamma, persuasively, "talk some for papa. Say 'How do you do, papa?'"

"Goo, goo, goo, goo," says baby.

"Hear him!" says mamma, ecstatically.

"Wasn't that just as plain as can be?"

George says it is and tries to think so, too.

"Now, say 'I'm glad to see you, papa.'"

"Da, da, boo, boo, boo."

"Did you ever?" cries mamma. "He can just say everything! Now, you precious little honey bunny boy, say, 'Are, you well, papa?'"

"Boo, ba, de, goo, goo."

"There it is," said mamma. "Did you ever know a child of his age who could really talk as he does? He can just say anything he wants to; can't you, you own dear little darling precious, you?"

"Goo, goo, dee, de, di, goo."

"Hear that? He says, 'Of course I can,' just as plainly as anybody could say it. O George! it really worries me to have him so phenomenally bright. These very brilliant babies nearly always die young."

—*Tid Bits.*

THE most afflicted part of a house is the window. It is full of panes; and who has not seen more than one window blind.

THE old practical joke of a half dozen young fellows raising dripping wet um-

brellas in the main doorway of a public hall at the close of an entertainment before a crowded house on a starlight night was played with entire success a few evenings ago in Harlem. The news of the unexpected and most unwelcome storm was communicated to others by those of the audience that first saw the umbrellas, and in that way it became the exciting and exclusive subject of conversation throughout the building. Gentlemen carefully covered their silk tiles with their handkerchiefs, rolled up the ends of the legs of their trousers, and turned up their coat collars. Ladies prepared themselves in the conventional way for a provoking walk to the cars, and others sent their gallant escorts flying after umbrellas, coaches, and waterproofs. In about ten minutes the real state of things, the pretty how-to-do, had been discovered, and then came unbounded hilarity and a resolve on the part of the weather-bound boys to try it somewhere themselves.

"You love my daughter?" said the old man. "Love her!" he exclaimed, passionately; "why, I would die for her. For one soft glance from those sweet eyes I would hurl myself from yonder cliff and perish, a bleeding, bruised mass, upon the rocks two hundred feet below." The old man shook his head. "I'm something of a liar myself," he said, "and one is enough for a small family like mine."

AUNT TRINA is paying a visit to the mother of little Fritz, and when mamma was called out of the room by the servant, aunt asks the little fellow to fetch her a stool. Fritz hesitates. "Well, why don't you go?" says the aunt. "You see, aunty," replied Fritz, with a glance at the table, "you would then be left all-alone with the cake!"

THE greedy turkey gobbled up the goodly fare and grew fatter day by day; but the prudent turkey, suspicious of such bountiful food, refused to eat it, and grew rapidly thinner. Finally the master came, and said, "Better keep the fat turkey until after Christmas. If we do not kill the thin turkey, he may die on our hands." Moral—Enjoy the good things of life as they come.





WELCOME HOME.